THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVI No. 257 AUGUST, 1922

Maurice Goldberg

VERA FOKINA

As she appeared in the ballet "Marquise," in which she danced with Fokine.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Editorial

Thoughts on an Actors' Theatre

THE greatest playwrights the world has ever known were actors. Shakespeare was inconspicuous as a mummer and Molière is best remembered by his comedies, but both dramatists wore the motley before they astonished the world with their plays. In more recent times, instances are frequent where the success of a given playwright can be traced to the invaluable experience he gained as an actor, to wit: A. W. Pinero, H. V. Esmond, Charles Klein, Frank Craven, George M. Cohan, Grant Stewart, Gilbert Emery, the Nugents, Edgar Selwyn, *et al.*

It would seem, then, that the stage is the best possible school for budding dramatists, and that it is to the actor we may look, not only for good plays, but also for the regeneration of the Theatre itself and its deliverance from the clutches of the speculative manager.

So impressed are some of our leading players with the potentialities of the present theatrical situation that they have conceived the idea of an Actors' Theatre. It is not a new idea. In fact, as far as the theatre in this country is concerned, the idea of a theatre controlled wholly by actors is over a hundred years old. One of the most successful plays ever seen in America, "The Honeymoon," by John Tobin, was produced by a group of actors. This was at the old Park Theatre, May 27, 1805, when an organization described as a "commonwealth of players" took over the reins of management of that historic house following the retirement of William Dunlap from the managerial field. The Theatre Guild, now one of Broadway's most successful producing houses, is practically an actors' theatre. Most of the promoters and actual directors are players, and the theatre itself is conducted on a co-operative, sharing plan. The Actors' Equity Association proposes to do much the same thing on a more ambitious scale. They have leased the Forty-eighth Street Theatre from August 1st, this year, and during the coming season at least five productions are to be made. There is also to be a Festival week of revivals, during which there will be a different play at each performance, including the lesser known plays of Shakespeare, and the best plays of the ancient and modern dramatists.

ALL true lovers of the Theatre will wish Equity's new venture well, for this association of players not only promises to give us better plays, but will also impart new dignity to the profession of the player. As John Ranken Towse in a recent issue of the New York *Evening Post* says:

> "Present day managerial policy has resulted in the gradual disappearance of first class actors from the stage. That there may be a vast amount of latent histrionic ability, perhaps of the highest order, in the junior ranks of our players is at least a plausible proposition. Every now and again we get a flash of it. But, speaking broadly, there has been no chance of developing it under the rule of the commercial oligarchy to which the profession has allowed itself to become enslaved. And in this rule, which has denied the exercise of its highest privileges, the vast bulk of its membership has tacitly and supinely acquiesced. It has allowed itself to be confined to the least desirable pastures of the dramatic field, without a thought of breaking bounds, assuming its own direction and seeking to regain its own hereditary possessions. Of all the intelligent professions it is the only one that has consented to the government, dictation, and restrictions of an alien and unsympathetic group. And it has endured this humiliating and mischievous tutelage for nearly fifty years, has allowed itself to sink deeper and deeper under its domination, in face of the fact that, throughout the whole history of the English-speaking theatre, all the great dramatic and artistic achievements have been wrought by players who acknowledged no direction but their own, and fulfilled their own destiny. There are indications, at least, that the lessons of the past are beginning to impress themselves upon the consciousness and stir the ambitions of a considerable number of our players. And they are very welcome. Every sign of revolt against the pernicious and short-sighted system that has been bringing the theatre more and more into disrepute, is encouraging."

THE present silly exploitation of ready-made stars must come to an end. Mediocrity must surrender the center of the stage to competence. Acting will again be given recognition as the most important art of the Theatre. The play's the thing, yet the importance of the actor must not be overlooked. As Granville Barker reminds us, "for all the dramatist's importance, acting is not only the original art of the Theatre, it remains its peculiar foundation." The matter is also put succinctly by Gilbert Emery in a recent letter to the *Times*:

> "The profession of the actor has never been taken with any proper degree of seriousness in this country—the only country, alas! which does not accord it its due. It is a pity. The individual actor may become a public idol, a household word. The theatres wherein the actors display their talents may be crowded with enthusiastic patrons—for we are a theatre-going people. 'That is So-and-So!' may be whispered thrillingly in the street as the actor passes, but his profession, the fineness of it, the essential value of it as one of the arts, is regarded with an intolerable condescension by many, and by others with an equally intolerable bigotry. If the public would render to that profession its honorable due, the state of dramatic art and of its exponents in America would be a happier and a more fruitful one."

The details of the ways and means by which the Actors' Theatre is to become a realization, as given out to the press, are interesting. The organization is to be financed by securing seat subscriptions for a series of five plays produced at less than box office prices. In order to create confidence in the minds of subscribers a Guarantors Fund has been started. Those who contribute towards this fund receive no dividends, but will be repaid before any profits are credited to this subsidiary organization now incorporated as "Equity Players, Inc." Members of the theatrical profession are said to have already contributed more than $117,000.

The money paid in by the Guarantors will start the enterprise and it is believed the seat subscriptions will be sufficient to insure against financial loss. The season will open about the middle of October, with Augustin Duncan as Director General.

White

ALLAN POLLOCK AND J. M. KERRIGAN IN "A PINCH HITTER" AT THE HENRY MILLER THEATRE.

Dennis Lestrange (Allan Pollock), though penniless, lights a cigarette with a check just handed him by Mr. Prothero.

Bruguiere

CLELIA BENJAMIN, FRANK REICHER AND CAROLYN HANCOCK IN "FROM MORN TO MIDNIGHT" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

The bank cashier yields to woman, wine and song until finally he blows out his brains in a Salvation Army bar-room.

TWO NEW PLAYS OF STRONG APPEAL

An Actress Who Plays Unusual Women

Helen Westley an Interpreter of Strange and Diversified Character Roles

By CAROL BIRD

STRANGE rôles of strange women have fallen to the lot of Helen Westley. Miss Westley is a character actress and a member of the Board of Managers of The Theatre Guild. The women she has been selected to portray are odd creatures: some of them malevolent, others neurotic, several passionately jealous, a few seductive, some shrewish. All of them are distinctly different types. And most of them are possessed of a repellant quality.

Take Miss Westley's rôle of Zinida, the lion tamer, in "He Who Gets Slapped," a Theatre Guild production. Zinida, a passionate, primitive creature, is married to the manager of the circus. But marriage by no means holds her in leash. She is enamored of Bezano, a bareback rider in her husband's employ. He loves the equestrian queen of the circus, but Zinida has little pride where an affair of the heart is concerned. She hurls her love at him, pleads passionately for him to requite it, is enraged when he scoffs at her. She makes love to other men she meets. But, above all, she is possessed of a burning desire to have her lions love her. She wills it. She braves death in their cages in order to cajole them into caring for her. Others in the circus think it a strange and unfathomable whim. They say the lions hate and fear her. She despises the little equestrienne who is beloved by Bezano. Every one agrees that Zinida has "the evil eye." A strange, strange woman!

THEN there was the time that Miss Westley was cast as a peasant woman in "The Power of Darkness." She plots and plans the murder of a little baby, and sits on the infant to smother it.

In Strindberg's "The Dancing Death," Miss Westley was a wife, "sexy, modern and neurotic," as she herself described the rôle. In "Jane Clegg" she had a mother-in-law part. She explained that this particular mother-in-law was "a horrible old witch, the kind you'd hate to have hanging around the house." In "The Treasure," Miss Westley was cast as an old Jewish woman. The few rôles she has delineated which were in contrast to the shrew-hag-witch creations, were those in "Bonds of Interest," when she was cast as a beautiful and charming woman of high degree, and when she wore quaint hoop skirts and lacey frills; in "The Faithful," when she played a Japanese woman of high caste, a grandee; and in "John Ferguson," when she represented a mother—sweet, gentle, and devoted to her family.

Again in striking contrast to these last named rôles was the one she had in "Liliom," when, as the elderly owner of a Merry-Go-Round, she again lapsed into a state of shrewishness. She alternately pets and discharges her roughneck barker, Liliom. She tries to browbeat him. She throws out bodily from her carousel a little servant girl whom she suspects Liliom likes. She slaps and pinches her. And she tries to buy back Liliom's waning affection with gold. She connives, she entreats, she scolds and nags. Finally, in a violent rage, she "washes her hands of Liliom," and comforts herself by spitting in his face as she departs.

AFTER seeing the character actress in these various strange rôles, we decided to go back stage and see this interesting lady in the rôle of Helen Westley. We expected to meet a gentle, demure, little soul who would finger fondly a photograph of her mother. Or who would tell us about six dear little children at home, and all about the baby's new tooth. We expected all these things because it has been our experience to observe a metamorphosis of this kind. So many times the dashing vampire has proved to be a devoted wife off stage; the demure ingenue, a dashing vampire; the wrinkled mother, a young beautiful thing with unlined satin skin, and the beautiful young thing a middle-aged woman.

We found Miss Westley in her dressing room. She isn't demure, nor does she speak fondly of "the home folks." There is something distinctly exotic and baffling about her. She looks a great deal like the flaming Zinida, the lion tamer of "He Who Gets Slapped." And she looks nothing at all like the stout old harridan of "Liliom." Zinida is lithe and slender. So is Miss Westley. At any rate, she gives one the impression that she is slender. There is an enigmatical expression in her eyes. She lolls back in a chair smoking, and gazes at you from under heavy lids. Though she has on a tailored street costume, she wears about her neck a string of odd Oriental beads. On her wrists are several odd looking jangling bracelets, one of jade. Absent-mindedly, she fingers a string of bright beads which are on her dressing table, and then she announces abruptly:

I AM indifferent to objects. Furniture and clothes and other inanimate things do not attract me in the least. I wouldn't walk a block to see the most wonderful vase in the world. Exhibitions of various kinds bore me to extinction. I never can understand why some people make so much fuss about them. Objects are unimportant. Why bother about them?"

We ventured to ask what Miss Westley did think important, and she answered quickly:

"Love! Love is the greatest thing in life! Why deny it? What is even Fame compared to it? Even though a woman is successful in her chosen occupation or profession, what does success mean to her if her heart is empty? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. A woman must love and be loved in order to be completely happy. Love is a powerful force, the value of which I, for one, shall never think of under-estimating. And, in addition to love, I believe, of course, that one's work is important. I am profoundly interested in plays with the big idea. I think that the play is the important feature, actors and acting come secondary. When I read a play, I do not think of it from the personal viewpoint—do not absorb it with merely the thought of whether my rôle in it will be important or not. Very often I have been asked whether or not I personally rebel at certain rôles which have fallen to my lot. Of course, my inquisitors refer to the witch-women I have portrayed. I can only say that, were I to dislike any of my rôles because they represented unpleasant characters, I would be more of a woman than an actress. It would be purely womanish to feel that way about it.

WHY, I didn't even hate to be that sixty-five-year-old witch who murdered the baby. She was such a picturesque old devil! I enjoyed making up for it. I had my teeth blacked to make me look like a toothless old hag. I kept in mind, of course, the cause of this old devil's devilishness. She was a poor peasant woman, densely ignorant. The play dealt with the moral darkness of Russian peasants. One would, of course, hate the old wretch for smothering the dear, harmless babe, but one could also bear in mind her undeveloped, unillumined mind.

"One of my difficult rôles was in "The Treasure." I was an old Jewish woman. I hold that it is impossible to present Jewish folk-plays unless they are presented with an all-Hebrew cast. It is practically impossible to bring out those striking racial characteristics of, particularly, the older generation of Jews unless one is of the same race. I like unmixed blood, however. I like to portray a woman who is a pure-blood of some kind. Funny thing, I like my friends to be one clear-cut nationality, too. It doesn't matter if they are Russian, French, Spanish, or Scandinavian, as long as they haven't any mixed blood. I believe you can trust the "thoroughbred," and, of course, you must admit that a man or woman of unmixed blood is more of a thoroughbred than the other type. Just as there are mongrel dogs there are mongrel humans. I believe that there are certain characteristics definitely associated with, say, the English. When dealing with a pure Englishman or Englishwoman, you know what to expect. He, or she will, as a rule, run true to form. Now the man who has the blood of several races or nationalities flowing in his veins isn't so easy to decipher. He may be more interesting, but he is, at the same time, more complex. You never know what to expect from him.

(*Continued on page* 124)

LILLIAN WHITE

Who, with her sister, Ruth, has left their native Boston far behind to become one of the fixture "hits" of the Dillingham musical shows. "Good Morning, Dearie" is the latest in which these attractive young dancers have appeared.

© Kesslere

DOROTHY DICKSON

This ever popular and charming young dancer has come out of the fil-lums and again taken to the polished floors and insinuating melodies of her natural *habitat*.

© Kesslere

© Kesslere

RUTH WHITE

Beautiful sister of the lovely Lillian and already—at the age of 18—a featured dancer with the Dillingham productions.

DISTINGUISHED FIGURES IN CURRENT DRAMA

The Jury Judges Its First Play

By F. A. AUSTIN

SCENE I.

OFFICE of the producer of "Bertie of the Boudoirs." Present, the Producer and the Publicity Manager. The former is irritated and the latter is gloomy.

PRODUCER: "Well, why don't you get busy and do something to boost the show? Another week like this and Bertie will go to the storehouse."

PUBLICITY MANAGER: "It's too tame, tame as a prop lion, not a bite in it."

PRODUCER: "Tame with that title? Don't boodwars suggest beds and taking off things?"

PUBLICITY MANAGER: "There isn't a bed in the show. Besides boudwah doesn't mean bed. It means chaze long and cushions, a place where the ladies read or rest or receive intimate friends, not their husbands. And they don't undress in it. They merely wear their lingerie carelessly."

PRODUCER: "Well, we can put a bed in it, can't we?"

PUBLICITY MANAGER: "Audiences are fed up on beds. All they expect from them is snores."

PRODUCER: "Well, we must do something."

PUBLICITY MANAGER: "I have it, the new Voluntary Jury which is to decide if plays are fit to be seen and heard, the jury chosen by the Joint Committee Opposed to Political Censorship of the Theatre! There's our chance."

PRODUCER: (*Jumping to his feet and waving his arms*). "You've got it. Get a complaint! Have the Jury try Bertie! Publicity! That'll bring 'em in!"

PUBLICITY MANAGER: "All we have to do is to show something offensive to public morals and get complained about. I'll see that a bushel of complaints is sent to the proper authorities. That will be free advertisement Number I. Jury announces it will see show. Second free add. Jury reports that it has seen the show. Third free ad. Jury decides changes must be made. Fourth free ad. Jury comes to see if changes are satisfactory. Fifth free ad. Decides changes are satisfactory and that play can go on. Sixth free ad.

"We don't need raw and rancid stuff—none of those Shaw words which don't even wear a union suit. What is the greatest offense we can give to public morals? Why, make 'em think they are going to be shocked and then don't shock 'em. We'll change the title. Make it 'The Semi-Wife.' Then we rewrite the third act. We'll have Bertie, who in the first two acts has been as ferocious as a Blenheim spaniel, suddenly turn He-man while visiting his wife, with whom he has not been living, in her boudoir. They had a civil marriage but it didn't stay so. He tells her that she must become wholly his wife and locks all the doors but one. He begins to disrobe. He takes off his collar, tie, coat, vest, and shoes. Every time he takes off anything he says, 'You must be wholly mine,' gloats at her and makes funny noises, like a starving Russian who has sighted a lake of soup.

"Every once in a while he forcibly embraces her, for instance, with one shoe off and one in his hand. Then he goes to the unlocked door, throws it open and shouts, 'The hour has come, in with you.' He seizes her and drags her to the door, she struggling desperately. A minister steps out and Bertie says, 'There, you darn fool, all I want you to do is to go through the Methodist marriage ceremony. I can't get the legacy from Uncle Hezekiah unless we do. He stipulated in his will that I must be married in my shirt sleeves and stocking feet. When I get the legacy I'll pay you to go away from here.'"

PRODUCER: "Great! Go to it!"

SCENE II.

Rooms of the drama League. The twelve Volunteer Jurymen, having seen a performance of "The Semi-Wife," have gathered to make their decision. Several of the Jurymen are Jurywomen. The latter appear peeved and the former, with the exception of the Foreman, bored. He appears impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

FOREMAN: "Fellow jurors, we are assembled to decide if the numerous complaints against 'The Semi-Wife,' a performance of which we have witnessed, as a play in part objectionable from the point of view of public morals, are justified. If nine of us agree that the complaints are justified, the offending parts must be removed, whereupon we will again view the performance and if changes have been made to our satisfaction we will allow it to continue."

FIRST JURYMAN: "Before we go any further—what are the public's morals?"

CHORUS OF JURORS: "Profiteering'—'getting divorces'—'getting alimony'—'smuggling jewelry and liquor'—'bootlegging'—'making home brew'—'alienating their friend's wife's or husband's affections'—'reforming everybody but themselves'—'killing pedestrians with automobiles'—'running bucket shops'—'grafting in public and private business'—'cuddling in public conveyances'—'cultivating bad manners under the pretense of defying convention'—'falsifying income tax returns'—'gouging rent-payers'—'fracturing the spirit of the law without breaking the letter'—'bathing in crime waves'—'going to church on Sundays and wrecking railroads on Mondays.'"

FOREMAN: "None of these things concern the subject in hand. Is 'The Semi-Wife' a salacious play?"

FIRST JURYWOMAN: "It certainly is. The spectacle of a man taking off his shoes in public is sure to sap the morals of our young people."

SECOND JURYMAN: "That's rich. What about the nude stockings, above-the-knee skirts and midriff-cut waists you women wear on the streets?"

SECOND JURYWOMAN: "The idea of Bertie telling his wife he will pay her to go away when he gets his legacy is most offensive. It undermines the sanctity of the marriage tie."

THIRD JURYMAN: "I know lots of men who would do that. All they need is the legacy. They'd make the marriage tie a slip knot."

FOURTH JURYMAN: "What becomes of us if we stop all the salacious plays? There won't be any need for our services then and we'll have to pay for our theatre seats. There won't be anybody left to purge the drama but the critics who know something about it."

THIRD JURYWOMAN: "Yes, and what would become of our Better Public Shows Movement? Nothing would be left for us but sessions of Congress and they are hopeless."

FIFTH JURYMAN: "We ought to force them to make some sort of a change. If we don't we can't see the play a second time."

FOURTH JURYWOMAN: "It all depends on the definition of salaciousness. Salacious, you know, comes from the Latin salio, to leap. Bertie does leap at his wife in the boudoir scene to embrace her but is his leap salacious? I think not. He is merely trying to reach a given point in the shortest time. When we speak of Leap Year we do not mean that the year is going to be a salacious year. If Bertie should bite his wife on the shoulder, you would call that act salacious."

SIXTH JURYMAN: "What is this, a session of the League to Suppress Mayhem?"

THIRD JURYWOMAN: "It seems to me that the whole intent and purpose of the third act is to make the audience think Bertie is going to drag his wife into a bedroom and that the dialogue is intended, up to a certain point, to convey an impression which is not supposed to be conveyed in public or thought out loud."

SIXTH JURYMAN: "Now we're getting down to it. It's all a matter of intent. If you call a spade a spade right out in the open, there's no harm done because our emancipated women are doing it in public all the time and serving sex with the salad course. Everybody knows there are spades, they argue, and public morals are not offended by stating the fact so long as the intent is to consider the spade seriously as an agricultural implement. But if you talk about a spade in such a way that you make the audience think they are going to see it used as a cricket bat and don't show it to them in action you have committed an offense against public morality. You treat the spade with levity instead of seriousness and therein lies the offense."

FOURTH JURYWOMAN: "From a Freudian point of view I quite agree. We psychoanalysts know that any complex must

(*Continued on page* 124)

Alfred Cheney Johnston

B E T T Y J E W E L

This lovely young Omaha girl recently stepped from a convent garden into a small part in the latest Griffith picture, where her charm and beauty have already won her the title "The Third Orphan of the Storm."

Is The Little Theatre A Really Big Movement?

Meaning, somewhat pertinently, has it actually accomplished all it set out to do?

By HARCOURT FARMER

IF there are 867,561,000 playwrights in America, there must be at least 867,562,000 actors. Some of them act as a serious business. Some go into the movies. The rest form Little Theatres.

These same little theatres have had several years' innings now; let us dissect and analyze.

There are many amateur actors who yearn to be professionals. I suppose there must be many professionals who, wearying of tiresome routine, long to be amateurs again. Well, the little theatre affords an interesting compromise between the two desires. If you are an amateur, the little theatre will give you an excellent opportunity to act the parts played by John Barrymore. You may not act them quite as he does. There may be noticeable differences between your conception and his, some of them exceedingly noticeable. But, at least, you are definitely acting in real plays before real people, and after all you are not just taking part in an "amateur show": you are in a Little Theatre.

And if you are a professional of experience and find yourself ousted from a promising engagement because the management decided to do some other play, in which some new managerial protegée—fresh from the convent—is to be starred, well, here are the scores of little theatres all over the country. True, the acting conditions are not always of the smoothest; some of the stages aren't smooth, either. But it means money, and God knows what that means to the average professional, sometimes.

YOU know, there are many acidulated minds who contend that this very upspringing of little theatres everywhere tends to undermine the regular attendance at regular theatres, and hence jeopardizes the livelihood of the paid actor. Perhaps what they say isn't true, and possibly it's as nebulous as one of Sir Gilbert Parker's scenarios, but I pass it on to you just as it was passed on to me.

The true little theatre originated when the Théâtre Antoine blossomed in Paris, moons ago. It had a legitimate brother in the Moscow Art Theatre. And subsequently we had the growth of the repertory movement in England. They were urgently wanted; they were supplied. But they were supplied by serious professional people who realized that a powerful counterblast to the ordinary commercial theatre was necessary, if dramatic art was not to perish wholly from the earth. They were organized, developed, maintained and operated by authentic and experienced artists who put, so to speak, their life blood into these theatres that they might live. The history of the Moscow Art Theatre is the history of the modern theatre, and the doings of the average commercial theatre provide sardonic footnotes to that history.

For countless years we have had the amateur actor in our midst. Presumably we shall continue to have him. It is useless to quarrel with the fact, even if we do like our drama straight. The development of the artist must begin somewhere. Once John Drew couldn't cross gracefully to Right Center, and there was a time when E. H. Sothern didn't know very much about reading blank verse. Yes, it is manifest that every artist begins as an amateur. It is when the amateur condition ends and the professional condition begins, that the dramatic artist becomes a personal unit of value to the playhouse. For the trouble with the majority of the amateur actors is that they're always in the novice year. Sometimes an amateur outgrows this class. He it is who graduates into the wider field of professionalism.

THE little theatres of the country grew out of a natural wish to have good plays represented. There can be no worthier wish. Some of the powerful seed from the European art-theatres seems to have wafted itself over, found a receptive place, and bloomed interestingly on American soil. So we have the phenomenon of the commercial theatre's patronage being sharply attracted to small theatres of amateur classification where one may see, at times, the sort of play that one really likes to see. Sometimes the plays are carelessly staged, thoughtlessly mutilated, improperly acted. Now and then one sees scenic accompaniments that howl to high heaven. Not infrequently the general level of the acting is mediocre. But, then, you sometimes see all these faults in the "regular" theatres. The favorable point is this: that the little theatres for all their loud exclaimings about "advancing art," for all their personal and communal drum-thumping, for all their crudeness and newness—are materially helping the American stage to progress to better things. The phrase, 'better things' is vague, isn't it, but possibly you have an idea what I mean.

EVEN if your local little theatre, or people's playhouse, or community theatre, or neighborhood players, or whatever you call it, produces ten plays a season, and out of that ten you manage to squeeze one perfect presentation (or one almost perfect), then you have every reason to feel amiable. There were moments when the old-fashioned amateur dramatic club proved itself an exasperating nuisance, a burden to patience, a source of feverish irritation to anyone with taste and intelligence. By reason of its higher ideals, the little theatre movement is of sterner stuff, and places itself on a higher plane. Its workers may be drawn from the amateur ranks (some of them are very rank); but it is intelligently and alertly trying to do something which the former amateur club never tried to do, never thought of trying to do. It is endeavoring manfully—and, of course, womanfully—to learn dramatic expression and interpretation. (The earlier clubs were content just to "act"). It is striving to learn these things, to understand them honestly, and to apply them practically. It is of this stuff that genuine communal art is made.

I had better finish this personal insolence by broadcasting a piece of advice, which nobody will have the remotest idea of noticing. My qualification is that I have been stage-director to several of these little theatres, and so know something of the business of non-business dramatic movements. If I have become caustic in the process, it's not altogether my fault.

The advice is something after this fashion. That all this bother of educating people in the importance of the community theatre is wasted effort. *You want to educate the audiences.* No, I don't mean what you mean. I don't say "elevate the public." Such balmy stuff is not for present consideration. I simply suggest that the average person who goes to the average little theatre does so not because he wants to, but because it is the communal thing to do. It is locally the fashion. To miss seeing the neighboring presentment of "Back to Methuselah" is to be out of the swim—even if the witnessing of it puts you out of your depth. The bulk of community theatre audiences are composed of people who go to the theatre because it's community life, and the herd instincts are terribly strong.

THIS is true in a small sense of the smaller cities; it is equally true in a larger sense of New York, of Boston, of Chicago. For each single, genuine, burning dramatic enthusiast who goes to see a decent play done by a little theatre, because it's a decent play, you have a round hundred who go because the next hundred go.

The obvious remedy is that the little theatres, community movements and whatnot, should put on farce-comedy, business plays and straight melodrama. They should provide Broadway food for provincial palates and rural fare for city palates. In a word, they should compete directly with the grown-up theatres. Then the great theatregoing public (they say it still exists) will promptly flock to the little theatres. Once get your public coming in paying numbers, and you can easily slip something real over on them. Accustom a man to seeing drivel week after week, and before you realize it you can force "Twelfth Night" down his throat. Theatregoing is a habit. Get Mr. and Mrs. Nonesuch into the way of coming to your house as regular customers, and it won't be long before you can give them what you like. Thus, the public can gradually be made receptive for bigger work.

Morrall

DOROTHY ELLIN

Who has added to the notable list of college women making good on the stage by her fine performances as the "Passion Flower" in Benevente's famous play of that name on the road. Miss Ellin is a graduate and fellow of Wellesley.

(Below)

SIDNEY SHIELDS

Erstwhile newspaper woman of New Orleans, who, as the harrassed heroine of "The Hindu" attracted favorable attention to herself, and will continue in that rôle and others with Walker Whiteside in the fall.

Goldberg

Moffatt

MITZI

Compatriot of Molnar and the famous Rhapsody, who has closed a successful season in "Lady Billy," and will resume it along the Pacific Coast in October, following her return from a trip to her native Hungary.

Goldberg

MARJORIE GATESON

A gesture of distinction and a grace of manner none too frequently found on musical comedy boards has been lent by this captivating Brooklyn girl to leading parts in several recent offerings, among them "The Rose Girl," "The Love Letter," and "For Goodness Sake."

REGINA WALLACE

An excellent reason for "Your Woman and Mine" not being quite as bad as it might have been.

Goldberg

BEAUTY IN RECENT MUSICAL COMEDY

Behold, the Audience!

The Garrick Houses a Brotherhood—the George M. Cohan a Crowd

By MILDRED CRAM

AUDIENCES are amusing even when plays and concerts are dull. Plays and concerts have acquired the habit of dullness this winter. It is as if all the tricks were out of the hat and the conjurer had turned the stove-pipe upside down. Not another bunny! Not another egg!

Yet the theatregoing habit persists, perhaps, because of the herd instinct which makes us enjoy sitting in a close and crowded auditorium elbow to elbow with our fellow-sufferers. Or perhaps, because of our primitive delight in spectacles, engendered during the Greco-Roman period and now tapered off from a ferocious pleasure in blood-spilling to an anaemic enjoyment of an actor's failure to act. It amounts to the same thing.

We still go to the theatre although long since deprived of our illusions. The vicious circle has been established and it may take the wireless telephone—a more denatured pleasure than the motion picture—to break it. When it becomes possible to sit before the gas log in one's old slippers and "listen in" on "Ghosts," "La Tosca" or "Bombo," it may require a more potent derrick than an inherited mob impulse to lift us from our well-worn Morris chairs.

In the meantime we go to the theatre, getting a vicarious satisfaction out of damning every new play we see. We have, in fifty years, passed from the pink legs of "The Black Crook," through the Augustin Daly period, the Empire period, the brief periods of realism, crook melodrama, Pollyana, Marie-Odilliana, war, bedroom and Sem Benelli, to the present deadly period of panic, where we are invited to witness anything and everything, from "Marie Antoinette" to "Hairy Apes."

The hat is empty!

BUT audiences are as amusing as ever, and, strangely enough, as individual. There is a positively personal flavor about a Carnegie Hall gathering, for instance, as different as possible from the essence of a Hippodrome crowd. An expert can detect the difference as a *parfumeur* knows with one whiff whether a passing beauty is wearing the *Rose* of Coty or of Guerlain.

Your audience is not a gathering of people, it is an entity. There may be a psychic thread, some current highly charged, that binds you all together once you are seated. You enter the theatre, an individual. You divest yourself of your hat and coat, rattle the program, glance around —and are the audience. Behind the curtain your victims are making up, or waiting in the green-room for the signal that sends them out to bare their naked souls to your gibes, your indifference, your applause. From behind the footlights you are a blur of faces and shirt-fronts, no more. Yet you have the power to make or to break reputations, and, taken from before the footlights, you are worth studying.

It is a well-known fact that a mild hypnosis can be induced in a relaxed person who gazes fixedly at a point of light. Theatre audiences sit in dark halls, staring at a brilliantly illuminated square. Thus hypnotized, they are open to suggestion. They can be swayed by emotion a hundred times more easily than, for instance, an audience sitting in a well-lighted concert auditorium watching an orchestra or a pianist.

THE first virtuoso who stoops to the simple expedient of darkening the hall and playing in a pool of dazzling light will profit to the extent of an artificially stimulated emotionality. He will find himself performing feats of hypnotism and suggestion. A veritable artist, of course, hesitates to throw star-dust in the eyes of the critical, depending upon the uncompromising beauty of the music he plays to produce a mood. But sometimes the mood is long in coming.

It is not easy to summon magic in the face of a thousand distractions. Late arrivals troop down the aisle after the first movement of a symphony—there is a flutter of ushers; rows of uncomfortable and irritated people stand up and slump down again; one is conscious of a long-necked man or a red-haired woman or a funny old lady in a bonnet—and in the meantime the magician waits on the stage, at the mercy of a storm of conversation. The second movement is as lost as the initial five minutes of a play, usually given over to a French maid or to the scenery.

The concert audience is subjected to another annoyance, unique and devastating. Because of the well-lighted auditorium, reading is possible and many an uncomprehending, bored concertgoer forgets the Fifth Symphony in a strenuous perusal of the program. This requires much rustling and crackling, particularly during a *pianissimo* passage.

EACH type of audience has a technique of its own. The movie audience is a more transient, impermanent gathering, lacking in unity. A film's most critical audience is its first—in the laboratory projection-room. Later, it is the focus of a very shifting attention. The movie audience is forever dissolving, gathering, dissolving again, like an ant's nest. Whole rows of people walk out in the middle of an emotional crisis, as indifferent as Vestal virgins at the gladiatorial shows of ancient Rome. Ushers with flashlights bob in every aisle. It is all very casual and informal. In the more elaborate Broadway theatres, the between-the-show crowds are roped off—an ignominious penning that lasts sometimes for more than an hour. While the house "out front" roars with laughter or crackles with applause, these patient standees wait their turn, packed breast to breast like indecent sardines . . . Ants. Vestals. Sardines. A strange potage of mixed metaphors! Whatever it is, the movie audience is democratic, easily amused, not to be taken seriously as a critical entity.

In the legitimate playhouses you find audiences with personality. The Empire houses a congregation, the Hippodrome a round-up, the Provincetown a meeting, the Metropolitan a levee, the Garrick a brotherhood, the Belasco a convention and the Cohan a crowd.

There are theatres where evening dress seems to be a tacit metropolitan conspiracy, and theatres where the "peepul" foregather in the careless brotherhood of the hand-me-down. Strangely enough, the price of seats has nothing to do with it. One theatre is the pit, the other the stalls. It may be that a subtle social flavor is mixed with the mortar in the walls, and that elegance is as rare and as elusive as the acoustic property. It is a known fact that certain theatres are "hoodooed," doomed to failure year after year, while others shelter a long series of hits, so that one can sniff the very atmosphere of success for the price of an orchestra chair. The playgoer is infected when he surrenders his ticket at the door; expecting success so confidently, he usually finds it. It is rather like influenza, only far more profitable. And woe betide the producer who risks his wares in the notoriously unlucky warehouse.

NEW YORK audiences are more picturesque than they used to be. There is not yet the universal incandescent glow of starched shirt-bosoms which distinguishes the London audience, but there is a decided tendency in that direction.

The theatre is, after all, a place where one goes to seek illusion, to forget for a while the dull tom-tom of life, to blink in a scattering of star-dust, to sniff the unfamiliar and romantic paper garden. That the modern audience knows that it *is* paper is one of the bitter fruits of knowledge. Yet why not make it a festive quest and go bedecked?

The European is aware of the picturesque possibilities of the theatre-hour. What if the play is poor and the actors feeble—he, at least, is worth watching! He promenades during the *entr' acte,* staring at the costumes of the women; he sweeps the boxes with his opera-glass; he bows, smiles, converses, displays his ego with gusto. How much better than the New York T. B. M. snatching a hurried smoke while his wife stifles her yawns behind her program!

The European frankly and voluptuously enjoys the atmosphere of velvet, cut-glass, scent, dust, papier-mâchè, diamonds, black cloth, brilliantine and mother-of-pearl which seems caught and everlastingly preserved within a theatre. He goes, expect-

(*Continued on page* 122)

Study by Goldberg

FLORENCE REED

As seen in Bayard Veiller's new play, "The Divine Crook." The big situation has to do with a Madonna picture on the wall, which Miss Reed (the crook, and a homely woman), is made to resemble, by plastic surgery.

"The Hairy Ape"

A Comedy of Ancient and Modern Life in Eight Scenes,

By Eugene O'Neill

EUGENE O'Neill today ranks among America's foremost and most promising dramatists. For years known only as the son of James O'Neill, the veteran actor, he first attracted attention as the author of a number of one-act plays acted for the professional and semi-professional stage. But when he suddenly shot into the limelight with "Beyond the Horizon," his unusual and great gift was at once recognized. Later pieces, "The Emperor Jones" and "The Hairy Ape" have confirmed this judgment. O'Neill depicts with great power the grimest of characters and the most sordid of scenes, and consistently refuses to idealize his themes which are of a sombre, almost morbid character. The following excerpts are printed here by courtesy of Mr. Arthur Hopkins

Copyright, 1922, by Eugene O'Neill

THE play opens on the dimly-lighted forecastle of a transatlantic liner an hour after sailing from New York. The room is crowded with the men whose business it is to feed the furnaces that create the power to drive the ship across the seas. All are hairy chested, with long arms of tremendous power and low, receding brows above their small fierce, resentful eyes. They are all shouting, cursing, laughing, singing, a confused, inchoate uproar swelling into a sort of unity, a meaning—the bewildered, furious, baffled defiance of a beast in a cage. The men, nearly all of whom are drunk, seem oddly alike, except for Yank, a powerful figure in the foreground, a little broader, fiercer, more sure of himself than the others. The din continues. A voice starts bawling a song. Paddy, an old wizened Irishman on a bench in the foreground is reminiscing, half to himself, half to his companions, of the peace of the old sailing days and the hell of the stokehold. Yank springs to his feet.

YANK: Hell in the stokehold! It's work in hell? Hell, sure, dat's my favorite climate! I eat it up! It's me makes it roar. It's me makes it move! Sure, on'y for me everything stops. It all goes dead, get me? De noise and smoke and all de engines movin' de woild, dey stop. Dere ain't nothin' no more! Dat's what I'm sayin! Everyting else dat makes de woild move, somep'n makes it move. It can't move without somep'n else, see? Den yuh get down to me. I'm at the bottom, get me? Dere ain't nothin' foither. I'm de end! I'm the start! I start somep'n and de woild moves. It—dats me! De new dat's moiderin de old. I'm de ting in coal dat makes it boin; I'm steam and oil for de engines; I'm de ting in noise dat makes you hear it; I'm smoke and express trains and steamers and factory whistles; I'm de ting in gold dat makes it money! And I'm what makes iron into steel! Steel, dat stands for de whole ting! And I'm steel—steel—steel! I'm de muscle in steel, de punch behind it! (*As he says this he pounds with his fist against the steel bunk. All the men, roused to a pitch of frenzied self-glorification by his speech, do likewise. There is a deafening metallic roar through which Yank's voice can be heard bellowing.*) Slaves, hell! We run de whole woiks. we're it, get me! All de rich guys dat tink dey're somep'n, dey ain't nothin'! Dey don't belong. But us guys, we're in de move; we're at de bottom, de whole ting is us, see? We belong. (*Paddy from the start of Yank's speech has been taking one gulp after another from his bottle, at first frightenedly as if he were afraid to listen, then desperately as if to drown his senses, but finally has achieved complete indifference, even amused drunkenness. Yank sees his lips moving. He quells the uproar with a shout.*) Hey, youse guys, take it easy! Wait a moment! De nutty Harp is saying semp'n.

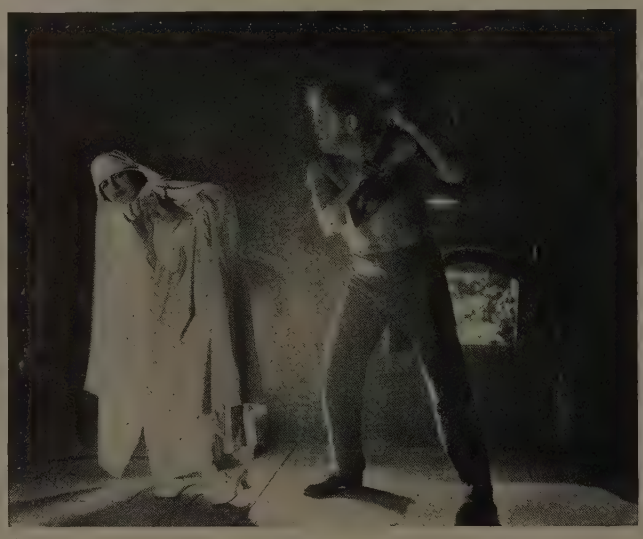
PADDY: (*Throws his head back with a mocking burst of laughter.*) He-he-he-he-he!

YANK: (*Drawing back his fist, with a snarl.*) Aw! look out who yuh're givin' the bark!

PADDY: (*Begins to sing the "Miller of Dee" with enormous good nature.*)

"I care for nobody, no, not I.
And nobody cares for me."

YANK: (*Good-natured himself in a flash, interrupts Paddy with a slap on the bare back like a report.*) Dat's de stuff! Now you're gettin' wise to somep'n. Care for nobody, dat's de dope! To hell with 'em all! And nix on nobody else carin' I kin care for myself—get me! (*Eight bells sound, muffled, vibrating through the steel walls as if some enormous brazen gong were imbedded in the heart of the ship. All the men jump up alertly, file through the door in rear close upon each others heels in what is very like a prisoner's lockstep.*)



Abbe

Mildred (Carlotta Monterey) Yank (Louis Wolheim)
IN THE STOKE HOLE
MILDRED: "Take me away—oh, the filthy beast"

In Scene II, the steamer is two days out at sea. The stage shows a section of the promenade deck. Two passengers, Mildred Douglas, the languid, affected daughter of a millionaire steel king and her aunt, are discovered reclining in deck chairs. Mildred, anxious to "see how the other half lives" persuades the ships' engineer to take her down the stoke hole. A line of men stripped to the waist is before the furnace doors. They bend over, looking neither to right nor left, handling their shovels as if they were part of their bodies with a strange, awkward, swinging rhythm. They use the shovel to throw open the furnace doors. From these fiery round holes in the black a flood of terrific light and heat pours full upon the men who are outlined in silhouette in the crouching, inhuman attitudes of chained gorillas—like some species of inferior demons whose business and punishment it is to keep the fires of hell at torment heat.

PADDY: (*From somewhere in the line—plaintively.*) Yerra, will this divil's own watch nivir end? Me back is broke. I'm destroyed entirely.

YANK: (*From the center of the line—with exuberant scorn.*) Aw, yuh make me sick! Lie down and croak, why don't yuh! Always beefin', dat's yuh. Say dis is a cinch! Dis was made for me! It's my meat, get me? (*A boatswain whistle is blown—a thin shrill note from somewhere overhead in the darkness. Yank curses without resentment.*) Dere's de damn engineer crackin' de whip. He tinks we're loafin!

PADDY: (*Vindictively.*) God stiffen him!

The whistle sounds again in a peremptory, irritating note. This drives Yank into a sudden fury. The other men have stopped, dumbfounded by the spectacle of Mildred standing there in her white dress. Yank does not turn far enough to see her. Besides, his head is thrown back, he blinks upward through the murk trying to find the owner of the whistle, he brandishes his shovel murderously over his head in one hand, pounding on his chest, gorilla-like, with the other.

YANK: (*Shouting.*) Toin off dat whistle! Come down outa dere, yuh yellow, brass-buttoned, Belfast bum, yuh! Come down and I'll knock yer brains out! Yuh lousey, stinkin'

SOPHIA OSIPOVA

As Marpha in "The Tsar's Bride." This interesting soprano is a pupil of the noted composer Rimsky-Korsakoff.

MARIE MASHIR

Who is the possessor of a decoration from the late Czar, long an admirer of her soprano voice and beauty.

VALENTINA VALENTINOVA

Whose youth and remarkably fine contralto voice attracted great attention to her performance as the Princess in "The Mermaid."

(Below)

JACOB LUKIN

Noted baritone who has added American laurels to those won abroad by an extraordinary interpretation of the title rôle in Rubinstein's opera "The Demon."

(Below)

VLADIMIR RADEEF

A baritone illustrious for protrayals of the aristocracy, as the Prince in "Snegurouchka."

© Daguerre

NICHOLAS KARLASH

Who sings the title rôle in "Boris Godounov" with a fidelity to the Russian interpretation equalled in this country only by Chaliapin.

INTERESTING PERSONALITIES OF THE RUSSIAN GRAND OPERA COMPANY RECENTLY SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY AND SHORTLY TO APPEAR IN MEXICO.

RUSSIAN SINGERS IN EXILE

yellow mut of a Catholic-moiderin' bastard! Come down and I'll moider yuh! Pullin' dat whistle on me, huh? I'll show yuh! I'll crash yer skull in! I'll drive yer teet' down yer troat! I'll slam yer nose trou de back of yer head! I'll cut yer guts out for a nickel, yuh lousey boob, yuh dirty, crummy, muckeatin' son of a ————

Suddenly he becomes conscious of the other men staring at something behind his back. He whirls defensively with a snarling, murderous growl, crouching to spring, his lips drawn back over his teeth, his small eyes gleaming ferociously. He sees the girl, like a white apparition in the full light from the open furnace doors. He glares into her eyes, turned to stone. As for her, during his speech she has listened paralyzed with horror, terror, her whole personality crushed, beaten in, collapsed by the terrific impact of this unknown, abysmal brutality, naked and shameless. As she looks at his gorilla face, as his eyes bore into hers, she utters a low choking cry and shrinks away from him, putting both hands up before her eyes to shut out the sight of his face, to protect her own. This startles Yank to a reaction. His mouth falls open, his eyes grow bewildered.

MILDRED: (*About to faint—to the Engineers who now have her one by each arm—whimperingly.*) Take me away! This is—beyond poses! Oh, the filthy beast! (*She faints. They carry her quickly back, disappearing in the darkness at the left, rear.*)

An iron door clangs shut. Rage and bewildered fury rush on Yank. He feels himself insulted in some unknown fashion in the very heart of his pride. He roars. God damn yuh! And hurls his shovel after them at the door which has just closed. It hits the steel bulkhead with a clang and falls clattering on the steel floor.

Abbe

"Yank" Smith (Louis Wolheim) encounters the Fifth Avenue Sunday Parade

The scene shifts to the fireman's forecastle again. Yank's watch has just come off duty. Yank is seated on a bench in the foreground in the exact attitude of Rodin's "Thinker." Gradually, the stokers drive into his mind the idea that the girl's conduct in the stokehole was a studied and personal insult—that she had looked at him as she would have looked at a hairy ape in the zoo.

YANK: (*Grinning horribly.*) Hairy ape, huh? Sure! Dat's de way she looked at me, aw right. Hairy ape! So dat's it. Yuh skinny tart! Yuh white-faced bum, yuh! I'll show yuh who's a ape. (*Turning to the others, bewilderment seizing him again.*) Say, you'se guys. I was bawlin' him out for pullin' de whistle on me. You heard me. An' den I seen you'se lookin' at somep'n and I tought he'd sneaked down to come up in back of me, and I hopped round to knock him dead with de shovel. And dere she was wit de light on her! Christ, yuh could a pushed me over wit a finger! I was scared, get me? Sure! I tought she was a ghost, see? She was all in white like dey wrap around stiffs. You seen her. Kin yuh blame me? She didn't belong, dat's what. And den when I come to and seen it was a real skoit and seen de way she was lookin' at me—like Paddy said—Christ I was sore, get me? I don't stand for dat stuff from nobody. And I flung de shovel—on'y she'd beat it. (*Furiously.*) I wished I'd banged her! I wished it'd knock her block off. . . . I'll fix her! Maybe she'll come down again—

VOICE: No chance Yank. You scared her out of a year's growth.

YANK: I scared her? Why de hell should I scare her? Who de hell is she? Ain't she same as me? Hairy ape, huh? (*With his old confident bravado.*) I'll show her I'm bettern' her if she on'y knew it. I belong and she don't, see? I move and she's dead. Twenty-five knots a hour, dat's me! Dat carries her out, but I make dat. She's on'y baggage. Sure! (*Again bewilderedly.*) But, Christ, she was funny lookin'. Did yuh pipe her hands? White and skinny? Yuh could see de bones trough dem. And her mush, dat was dead white, too. And her eyes, dey was like dey'd seen a ghost. Me, dat was! Sure, Hairy Ape! Ghost, huh! Look at dat arm! (*He extends his right arm swelling out the great muscles.*) I coulda took her wit dat, wit just my little finger even, and broke her in two. (*Again bewilderedly.*) Say, who is dat skoit, huh? What is she? What she come from? Who made her? Who gave her de noive to look at me like dat? Dat ting's got my goat right. I don't get her. She's new to me. What does a skoit like her mean, huh? She don't belong, get me? I can't see her. (*With growing anger.*) But one ting I'm wise to, aw right, aw right! You'se all kin bet your shoits I'll get even wit her—I'll show her if she tinks she—she grinds de organ and I'm on de string, huh? I'll fix her! Let her come down again and I'll fling her in de furnace! She'll move den! She won't shiver at nothin' den! Speed, dat'll be her! She'll belong den! (*He grins horribly.*)

PADDY: She'll never come. She's had her belly-full, I'm telling you. She'll be in bed now, I'm thinking, wid ten doctors and nurses feedin' her salts to clean the fear out of her.

YANK: (*Enraged.*) Yuh tink I made her sick, too, do yuh? Just lookin' at me, huh? Hairy ape, huh? (*In a frenzy of rage.*) I'll fix her! I'll tell her where to git off! She'll get down on her knees and take it back or I'll bust de face offen her! (*Shaking one fist upward and beating at his chest with the other.*) I'll find yuh! I'm comin', d'yuh hear? I'll fix yuh, God damn yuh! (*He makes a rush for the door.*)

VOICES: Stop him.
He'll get shot!
He'll murder her!
Trip him up!
Hold him!
He's gone crazy!
Gott, he's strong!
Hold him down!
Look out for a kick!
Pin his arms! (Etc. They have all piled on him and after a fierce struggle by sheer weight of numbers have born him to the floor just inside the door.)

PADDY: (*Who has remained detached.*) Kape him down till he's cooled off. (*Scornfully.*) Yerra, Yank, you're a great fool. Is it payin' attention at all you are to the line of that skinny sow widout one drop of rale blood in her?

YANK: (*Frenziedly from the bottom of the heap.*) She done me doit! She done me doit, didn't she? I'll git square wit her! I'll git her someway! Git offen me, you'se guys. Lemme up! I'll show her who's a ape!

Frustrated in his immediate attempts to get at the girl—to be revenged—he searches for others like her. With Long, a fellow stoker, he goes up Fifth Avenue on a Sunday and meets churchgoers of her class.

LONG: (*Excitedly.*) Church is out. 'here dey come, the bleedin' swine.

The crowd from the church enter from the right, sauntering slowly and affectedly, their heads held stiffly up, looking neither to right nor to left—talking.

YANK: (*Approaching a lady—with a vicious grin and a smirking wink.*) Hello, Kiddo, How's every little ting? Got anything on for tonight? I know an old boiler down to de docks we kin crawl into. (*The lady stalks by without a look, without a change of pace. Yank turns to others—insultingly.*) Holy smokes, what a mug! Go hide yuhself before de horses shy at yuh. Gee, pipe de heinie on dat one! Say, you'se, yuh look like de stoin of a ferry-boat. Paint and powder! All dolled up to kill! Yuh looks like stiffs laid out for de boneyard! Aw, g'wan, de lot of you'se. Yuh give me de eye-ache. Yuh don't belong, get me! Look at me, why don't you'se dare? I belong, dat's me! (*Pointing to a skyscraper*

SCENE IN "KEMPY" AT THE BELMONT THEATRE

The despised "Kempy" (Elliott Nugent) tells "Dad" (J. C. Nugent) where he gets off in trying to order him out of the house. "Duke" (Grant Mitchell) and Kate (Lotus Robb) seek to mollify the old gentleman.

RUTH NUGENT

The youngest of the family of "Kempy" creators at the Belmont, who acts delightfully the romantic and impressionable young daughter of the Bence's.

White

(*Left to right*) Gordon Ash, Eileen Huban, Louie Emery, Whitford Kane, Herbert Lomas, Alice Belmore Cliffe. Act III: Fanny (Eileen Huban). "I won't marry him to make myself 'an honest woman.' I can take care of myself."

SCENE IN "FANNY HAWTHORNE" AT THE VANDERBILT THEATRE

PLAYS IN SERIOUS AND LIGHTER VEIN

across the street which is in process of construction—with bravado.) See dat building goin' up dere? See de steel work? Steel, dat's me! You'se guys live on it and tink yuh're somep'n. But I'm *in* it, see! I'm de hoistin' engine dat makes it go up! I'm it—de inside and bottom of it! Sure! I'm steel and steam and smoke and de rest of it! It moves—speed—twenty-five stories up—and me at de top and bottom—movin'! You'se simpe don't move. Yuh're on'y dolls. I winds up to see 'em spin. Yuh're de garbage, get me—de leavin'—de ashes we dump over de side. Now, what a yu'n gotta say? (*But as they seem neither to see nor hear him, he flies into fury.*) Bums, Pigs! Tarts! Bitches. (*He turns in a rage on the men, bumping viciously into them, but not jarring them the least bit. Rather it is he who recoils from each collision. He keeps growling.*) Git off de oith! G'wan, yuh bum. Look where yuh're goin', can't yuh? Git outa here! Fight, why don't yuh! Put up your mits! Don't be a dog! Fight or I'll knock yuh dead! (*But, without seeming to see him, they all answer with mechanical affected politeness: "I beg your pardon." Then at a cry from one of the women they all scurry to the furriers window.*)

THE WOMAN: (*Ecstatically, with a gasp of delight.*) Monkey fur! (*The whole crowd of men and women chorus after her in the same tone of affected delight.*) Monkey fur!

YANK: (*With a jerk of his head back in his shoulders as if he had received a punch full in the face—raging.*) I see yuh, all in white! I see yuh, yuh white-faced tart, yuh! Hairy ape, huh? I'll Hairy ape yuh!

He bends down and grips at the street curbing as if to pluck it out and hurl it. Foiled in this, snarling with passion, he leaps to the lamppost on the corner and tries to pull it out for a club. Just at that moment a bus is heard rumbling up. A fat, high-hatted, spatted gentleman runs out from the side street. He calls out plaintively: "Bus, Bus! Stop there!" and runs full tilt into the bending, straining Yank, who is bowled off his balance.

YANK: (*Seeing a fight—with a roar of joy as he springs to his feet.*) At last! Bus, huh? I'll bust yuh? (*He lets drive a terrific swing, his fist meeting the fat gentleman's face with a resounding thud. But the gentleman stands unmoved as if nothing had happened.*)

GENTLEMAN: I beg your pardon. (*Then irritably.*) You have made me lose my bus. (*He claps his hands and begins to scream.*) Officer! Officer!

Many police whistles shrill out on the instant and a whole platoon of policemen rush in on Yank from all sides. He tries to fight but is clubbed to the pavement and fallen upon. The crowd at the window have not moved or noticed this disturbance. The clanging gong of the patrol wagon approaches with a deafening din.

In the next scene Yank is in a cell on Blackwell's Island, seated on the edge of his cot in the attitude of Rodin's "Thinker." His face is spotted with black and blue bruises. A blood-stained bandage is wrapped around his head.

YANK: (*Suddenly starting as if awakening from a dream, reaches out and shakes the bars—aloud to himself, wonderingly.*) Steel. Dis is de Zoo, huh? (*A burst of hard, barking laughter back down the tier of cells, and abruptly ceases.*)

VOICES: (*Mockingly.*) The Zoo? That's a new name for this coop. A damn good name . . . . Say, you guy! Who are you? What did they jug you for—or ain't yuh tellin'?

YANK: Sure I'd tell you'se. Sure! Why de hell not? On'y you'se won't get me. Nobody gets me but me, see? I started to tell de Judge and all he says was "Toity days to tink it over." Tink it over! Christ! Dat's all I been doin' for weeks! (*After a pause.*) I was tryin' to git even wit someone, see? A someone dat done me doit—

Yank relates his tragedy in the stokehole. A prisoner tells him that if he wants revenge on this girl he should join the "Wobblies" and from a local newspaper reads to him a speech made in the U. S. Senate denouncing the I. W. W. as a gang of cut-throats and dynamiters. Then comes to Yank the sudden thought that the girl's father, the steel king, has made the very cage he occupies. In a white fury he tears at the bars of his cell and begins to bend them apart, as the guard rushes to him with hose and straight jacket.

The next scene, a month later, finds Yank at the I. W. W. headquarters. With suspicious naviete he offers to blow up the steel works in Nazareth. He is at once suspected of being a government agent and thrown into the street. With a growl he starts to get up and storm the closed door, but stops, bewildered by the confusion in his brain, pathetically impotent. He sits there, brooding, again suggesting Rodin's "Thinker."

YANK: (*Bitterly.*) So dem boids don't tink I belong, neider. Aw, to hell wit 'em! Dey're in de wrong pew—de same old bull—soapboxes and Salvation Army—no guts. Cut out an hour offen de job a day and make me happy! Gimme a buck more a day and make me happy! Tree square, a day, and cauliflowers in de front yard—ekwa rights—a woman and kids—a lousy vote—and I'm all fixed for Jesus, huh? Aw hell! What does dat get yuh? Did ting's in your inside, but it ain't your belly. Feedin' your face—sinkers and coffee—dat don't touch it. It's way down—at de bottom. Yuh can't grab it, and yuh can't stop it. It moves, and ever'ting moves. It stops and de whole woild stops. Dat's me now—I don't tick, see? I'm a busted Ingersoll, dat's what. Steel was me, and I owned de woild. Now I ain't steel, and de woild owns me. Aw, hell! I can't see—it's all dark, get me? It's all wrong. (*He turns a bitter mocking face up like an ape gibbering at the moon.*) Say, you'se up dere, Man in de Moon, yuh look so wise, gimme de answer, huh? Slip me de inside dope, de information right from de stable—where do I get off at, huh?

POLICEMAN: (*Who has come up the street in time to hear this last—with grim humor.*) You'll get off at the station, you boob, if you don't get up out of that and keep movin'!

YANK: (*Looking up at him—with a hard bitter laugh.*) Sure! Lock me up! Put me in a cage! Dat's de on'y answer yuh know. G'wan, lock me up.

POLICEMAN: What you been doin'?

YANK: Enough to gimme life for! I was born, see? Sure, dat's de charge. Write it in de blotter. I was born, get me!

POLICEMAN: (*Jocosely.*) God pity your old woman! (*Then matter-of-fact.*) But I've no time for kidding. You're soused. I'd run you in but it's too long a walk to the station. Come on now, get up, or I'll fan your ears with this club. Beat it now! (*He hauls Yank to his feet.*)

YANK: (*In a vague mocking tone.*) Say, where do I go from here?

POLICEMAN: (*Giving him a push, with a grin, indifferently.*) Go to hell!

The next day finds Yank before the Gorilla's cage in the Zoo. The gigantic Gorilla himself is seen squatting on his haunches on a bench in much the same attitude as Rodin's "Thinker." Yank walks up to the cage and, leaning over the railing, stares at it's occupant who stares back at him, silent and motionless. There is a pause of dead stillness. Then Yank begins to talk in a friendly, confidential tone, half-mockingly, but with a deep under-current of sympathy.

YANK: Say, yuh're some hard-lookin' guy, ain't yuh? I seen lots of tough nuts dat de gang called gorillas, but yuh're de foist real one I ever seen. Some chest yuh got, and shoulders and dem arms and mits. I bet yuh got a punch in eider fist dat'd knock 'em all silly! (*This with genuine admiration. The gorilla, as if understood, stands upright swelling out his chest and pounding on it with his fist. Yank grins sympatheticaly.*) Sure, I get yuh. Yuh challenge de whole woild, huh? Yuh got what I was sayin' even if yuh muffed de woids. (*Then bitterness creeping in.*) And why wouldn't yuh get me? Ain't we both members of de same club—de Hairy Apes? (*They stare at each other—a pause—then Yank goes on slowly and bitterly.*) So yuh're what she seen when she looked at me, de white-faced tart! I was you to her, get me? On'y outa de cage—broke out—free to moider her, see? Sure! Dat's what

(*Continued on page* 122)

THE NEXT PLAY

To Be Given In This Series Will Be

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS"

Comedy in 3 Acts by A. A. Milne,

Author of "Mr. Pim Passes By", "The Dover Road", Etc.

which is now running at the Booth Theatre, New York, with great success.

"The Spirit of Pageantry," one of the large paintings in the foyer of Loew's State Theatre, Cleveland

CLEVELAND has taken a sudden leap in the matter of theatre-building. Known for years as a "good theatrical town," attractions were housed in inferior structures, which served a good purpose in their day; but which were not at all commensurate with the quality of productions offered, nor with the patronage accorded them. Various interested capitalists decided to move the theatrical centre of Cleveland—to construct a new Rialto, placing in it, as a nucleus, as fine theatres as exist in America. The first to be opened was the Ohio, which boasts one of the largest and most beautifully furnished lobbies in the world. The second the Hanna, named for the late Senator M. A. Hanna and built by his son, Dan R. Hanna, has a seating capacity of 1,400 and luxurious elegance is its predominating note. The B. F. Keith interests are erecting a theatre in this group which will be the most beautiful theatre in the world, devoted to popular amusement.

B. F. Keith's new Cleveland Theatre now in course of construction, costing something like $5,000,000

Staircase leading to balcony in the new Ohio Theatre

Grand Foyer of Loew's State Theatre

CLEVELAND'S SPLENDID NEW THEATRES

THERE is one good thing to be said for the late theatrical season, bad as it was—unprecedently bad, some people say. The good thing is that it has come to an end.

THE recent closing of a musical play in which the principal characters were all sustained by men who have repeatedly headed their own companies, brings up again the much-discussed question as to how much "names" have to do with the success of a theatrical production. One would think that such well-tried and well-liked comedians as DeWolf Hopper, Lew Dockstader, Jefferson DeAngelis, William Courtleigh, William B. Mack and others of that calibre could make anything go. But, although the piece in which this group of "stars" appeared and worked most diligently was admittedly clever and entertaining in itself, it lasted only a few weeks. Then, when the audiences were too meagre to keep it going, even though the company were said to be playing on a "community" basis—that is, taking each a pro rata share of what money came in, after deducting inevitable expenses—it unostentatiously faded away. On the other hand, a musical offering in which the performers are all negroes, of whom Broadway had never heard before, ran for months in and near the sacred "white light" district, keeping it up into the warm weather—because the colored actors' show was tuneful, amusing and—original.

GEORGE C. TYLER told me recently that he gets weary of producing new plays. Nevertheless, he has given us "To the Ladies" since that, and now he is at it again, with "West of Pittsburgh." There is a rumor that he may give us one called "Dear Old Chillicothe!" but it is not verified.

IT is reported that considerable coolness has arisen between Mr. Ziegfeld and George White on account of the latter's production of revues which he calls "Scandals" and which Mr. Ziegfeld seems to feel are treading too closely upon the preserves of his "Follies." The White "Scandals" have usually been summer attractions, but it is now said that Mr. White is planning a new "Scandals" show for next winter. While "Scandals" was playing on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Ziegfeld is reported to have wired Mr. White offering him and Ann Pennington $2,500 to appear in the new Ziegfeld "Follies." White is said to have replied with a counter telegram that read: "Will give you and Billie Burke $1,800 in 'Scandals.'" The rest is silence—a cold, clammy silence.

EVER since the newspapers contained allegations that the now-popular movie star, Rodolph Valentino, was a "bus-boy" in New York restaurants before becoming a dancer in the cabarets, men and women associated with "the show business" have been amused at repeated requests from various Italian, Spanish and Greek youths who have not yet advanced to serving refreshments, merely setting the places and removing the dishes, these fellows desiring to emulate the example of the aforesaid Valentino! "Let me dance!" they plead. "Let me act! Give me a chance! You will see! I can do it! See my hair, how nice and smooth! See my manners, how polite and foreign!" A sadder sidelight on this craze shows that several "bus-boys" have actually resigned their steady jobs, and taken to haunting the movie studios and theatre offices.

NOTHING illustrates the loyalty of stage folk more clearly than the case of "Go Easy, Mabel," the musical comedy which closed during the month of May at the Longacre Theatre after staying there only two weeks. During the two weeks it lasted on Broadway no salaries were paid, but the members of the cast gallantly continued to support Ethel Levey, the star, who had bought in the production herself. They admired Miss Levey's gameness and hoped that the play would justify her faith in it, but Mabel's existence proved brief indeed. This attraction, by the way, was intended to bring back Ethel Levey to the field of American musical comedy and, incidentally, Estelle Winwood was featured for the first time in a musical show on this side of the water. But the unanimous verdict of the audiences seemed to be "Ain't it awful, Mabel?"

GEORGE M. COHAN is making his presence felt in theatrical Broadway. Three plays are promised by him, including one of his own writing, "The Beautiful Moon." This, in addition to the acting he has been doing for months in "Madeleine." He ventures to walk through Times Square once in a while, but he generally takes the precaution to seem so deep in thought that only a score or so of the hundreds who would like to hail him with, "'Lo, George!" or "Good afternoon, Mr. Cohan!" venture to break in on his meditations. The feeling is that it is good to see him on Broadway, whether one gets a chance to speak to him or not. Gossip says he has bought about twenty plays since the first of January.

THE rumor along Broadway that P. G. Wodehouse is coming back into the fun of writing librettos for musical reviews, with his old associate, Bolton, doing the lyrics—or is it the other way around?—and Kern furnishing the score, gives decided satisfaction. They are a great trio when they get steam fairly up.

IF there is any negro comedian who can satisfactorily fill the place of the late Bert Williams, nobody seems able to name him. But it is said the musical offering in which he was playing at the time of his death, "The Pink Slip," is to be revived forthwith. It will be curious to see who does the Bert Williams' part—and how he does it.

IT is well known that many present-day stars worked their way up from humble beginnings, some from the chorus of musical comedies and some from second-rate burlesque shows. But what may come as a surprise to most people is the fact that the circus has also served as a stepping stone to higher things. Pearl White, now a high-priced star of the movies, frankly admits her apprenticeship as a trapeze performer. But there is another actress, a star in stage productions of a legitimate nature, who does not boast unduly of her early employment under the "big tops," so I will tactfully refrain from mentioning her name, merely indicating the case. Jefferson de Angelis gained agility through circus training, and so did the popular and prosperous Fred Stone, surviving member of the old team of Montgomery and Stone. Herbert Corthell, now a Broadway comedian, was originally a circus clown.

ON the other hand, it was only after Douglas Fairbanks left the stage and entered the movies that he developed ability as a gymnast. It is true that he gave evidence of his latent powers in that direc-

BROADWAY FAVORITES
BESTOW
DIGNITY AND BEAUTY
ON SHAKESPEAREAN
HEROINES

Helen MacKellar
(*Alice in "Henry V"*)

Irene Bordoni
(*Princess Katherine, "Henry V"*)

Mae Murray
(*"Fascination"*)

Photos Underwood & Underwood

Jane Cowl
(*"Smiling Through"*)

The Equity's Annual Show, held in New York on May 7th, proved the most successful performance ever given by this association of players. Between 800 and 1000 well-known artists took part in the affair, the receipts guaranteed already exceeding $135,000. The unusually interesting program consisted of scenes from the various current plays made into a skit entitled "This is a Tough Season," in which were scenes from "He Who Gets Slapped," "The Czarina," "Back to Methuselah," etc. Then came scenes from Shakespeare, "Henry V," "Richard III," "Julius Caesar," etc.

Belle Story
(*Pageant "Equity Stars"*)

EQUITY STARS SHINE IN THE ANNUAL SHOW

tion in one of his last appearances on the stage, in a piece called, "The Show Shop," in which he made a flying leap and landed on a policeman, a violent struggle ensuing. Before that he had been jointly featured with Tom Wise in "The Gentleman from Mississippi." Quite as picturesque as coming from a circus is coming from a ranch, and that was the experience of Will Rogers, who first faced an audience merely as a lariat-thrower but gradually developed into an all-round entertainer in Ziegfeld productions and in picture plays.

THE report that Geraldine Farrar is to become a dramatic actress is good news. It is also good news that David Belasco will be her mentor. Mr. Belasco made an actress out of Leslie Carter, and when old playgoers recall what Mrs. Carter did in "The Ugly Duckling," and compare it with her work in "Zaza," or even in "The Circle," there is every reason to hope for the best when he has rehearsed Miss Farrar for a few weeks, or months, as the case may be. At least he will have an actress to begin with in this case, even if her experience has been almost entirely on the operatic stage.

THE production, out of New York, of a play called, "The Gorilla," was a natural sequence of the success achieved by "The Hairy Ape." So far as Broadway knows, however, there is no resemblance in the two plays, aside from the suggestion of their names. But now that simian titles are in fashion, we may confidently look for still more of the monkey drama.

THE special enteratinments given for the guests of the Actor's Home on Staten Island are always joyous affairs. Not only do the artists who sing, dance or give dramatic readings for the stars of yesterday put their whole souls into the performance, but the old people themselves add zest by their enthusiasm. Recently, Frank T. O'Neil, baritone concert singer, of New Haven, Conn., made a special trip to the Island to entertain the old folks, and he declared that rarely had he sung, even in concerts and recitals, before such an appreciative audience. He sang operatic arias, English ballads, Indian love lyrics, and songs in Italian, German and Russian, concluding with some old-time melodies, favorites with the old actors of yesterday. After his program was over, the old actors, who are enjoying a well-earned rest after long years of activity behind the footlights, offered to entertain him. They gave readings from plays in the casts of which they had been featured years ago, and, for his benefit, reminisced delightfully of the days long gone when their names were ones to conjure with in the playworld.

THE willful waste of money on woman's attire makes me woefully want to rectify the error!" said a leading actress to the present writer. After which she explained that as a young girl she took up dressmaking, acquiring the necessary technicalities in addition to her creative ability. Since then she has continued making her own clothes, that is, those worn in private life, the management, of course, providing those used in the theatre. "This season," the actress proceeded, "I was in a play of modern times, and represented a society woman. Three changes of costume were called for, and my individual bills amounted to eight hundred dollars. These charges were by no means excessive, as prices run nowadays. But I knew quite well that I could have duplicated the order for much less than half the sum. As a matter of fact, finding that one of the models suited my style, I copied it exactly, in similar material though different colorings, at eighty dollars. But the managers naturally believe more prestige is obtained by announcing 'Miss Blank's dresses made by Madame Dash.'

© Moffett

THE LATE LILLIAN RUSSELL

A DISTINCT feeling of personal loss was felt along Broadway when the news was flashed from Pittsburgh on June 5th that Lillian Russell had died in that city from the effects of an accident suffered on shipboard. The "Queen of American Opera," for more than thirty years Lillian Russell starred in operatic rôles in the United States and England. With the possible exception of Mary Anderson and Edwin Booth, she was more widely known internationally than any other American artiste. Noted for her radiant beauty, she was one of the most popular singing actresses on our stage. Her first appearance was in the chorus of "H. M. S. Pinafore" in 1879. The same year she joined Tony Pastor's vaudeville theatre and it was he who suggested her changing her name from Nell Leonard to Lillian Russell. Soon afterwards she became a Casino Theatre star, singing such rôles as Djemma in "The Great Mogul," Bathilda in "Olivette", Princess Etelka in "Nadjy," Florella in "The Brigands," the title rôle in "The Grand Duchess," Harriet in "Poor Jonathan," etc., etc. She remained at the Casino until 1899, when she became a member of the Weber & Fields stock burlesque company. She was married four times, first to Harry Braham, musical director of Rice's "H. M. S. Pinafore," second to Edward Solomon, conductor of the Casino orchestra, third to Signor Perugini, the tenor, and then to Mr. Alexander P. Moore, publisher of the Pittsburgh *Leader* Company. The irony of Fate is that the author of "How to Live a Hundred Years" should herself die at the age of 61.

A VAUDEVILLE actor comes to the defense of his branch of "the show business" by declaring that the successful two-a-day performers must distil the very essence of the dramatic art by producing definite results in the briefest time. In reply to my criticisms of much that is vulgar in these bills, he frankly admitted that a considerable number of the vaudeville "artists" are, indeed, ill-bred to the point of illiteracy, with their deficiency in grammar being more than made up for by their excess of assurance. But he maintained that even these singers, dancers, acrobats and animal-trainers "deliver the goods" called for by the "customers." Each one knows how to "make his points" and "put it over," the accomplishment being especially difficult when a pathetic playlet has to follow performing seals or a ballad singer has to follow roller-skaters. Some individual actors combine laughter and tears in one act, of short duration, and by their clever manipulation never carry the snickers over into the sniffles, or vice versa.

THE remark credited to William Hodge that he has known actors who can mentally photograph their parts, so that they can see each line as it appeared in the typewriting they have studied, brings to mind the wonderful memory possessed by the late William Sampson, who was playing the father in "The First Year," when he died some weeks ago. It was an old actor, whose name is well known, who was talking about it on a sunny Broadway corner. He said, "I was at the Players' Club a number of years ago, with the late Verner Clarges and Sampson as my luncheon companions. The conversation turned on old plays in which we had severally appeared, and how some of the lines still stuck in our memories. Clarges and I could remember speeches and parts of speeches in some of our old parts, but neither could go very far without cues. Then it was that Sampson spoke of an old burlesque, 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold,' with Lydia Thompson as the star, in which he had had a rather long part—that of the fussy chief official of a French town. He had not seen the part for many years, nor had he thought about it since playing it in his youth, in the late sixties or early seventies. Yet he repeated every line of it, cues and all, for our benefit at the Players' that day, and I don't believe he made one slip."

Goldberg

RUTH PAGE

After dancing her way into Broadway's favor as *première danseuse* of the Bolm Intime Ballet, this charming terpsichorean artist is now touring the country in recitals.

Goldberg

CHESTER HALE

As he appeared with Ruth Page in their improvised movements from an Eighteenth Century Minuet at the Equity Show.

Goldberg

UNE DANSEUSE

GRACEFUL DEVOTEES OF THE DANCE

What's The Matter With Musical Comedy?

Less Tinsel, More Drama and Higher Type of Chorus Girl Necessary for Success

By EDGAR MACGREGOR

Producer of "For Goodness Sake," "The Velvet Lady," etc.

DURING the last two years there has been a decided change in the type of musical comedy offered the public. There has come a realization that a musical comedy, if it is to be a success, must have a plot; it must be impregnated with realism. The public has grown tired of watching merely gay, tinseled scenes, with dancers and singers, and actors going through a hodge-podge of movements which mean nothing in particular. The musical comedy which is slowly passing out of existance, becoming obsolete, is the kind which boasts a large chorus, has, perhaps, one good song number, one or two fair dancers, a male chorus, and not an atom of reality.

For instance, the old, outworn musical comedy—which, though outworn, still is being occasionally produced—is one something like this: The curtain goes up on a bright and blinding scene. It is laid in the home of a society woman. The fittings of her home are realistic enough, and she looks every inch the lady. But, seated about in her garden, on the porch of her summer home, and in little cozy nooks about the place, are girls who would never be the invited guests of such a patrician. The music starts to play and these gay girlies jump up, kick up their heels in unison, and for no rhyme or reason commence to cavort about the place. The society woman's butler, perhaps, joins them, or her husband, or the fiancé of one of the girls.

THEY sing songs which have no bearing whatever upon the action—the story of the play. When they subside, the audience is grateful because then one of the characters steps out and begins to talk. The plot is beginning to unwind. But before it has a good start, the trend of it is broken by the exuberant guests, again hopping before the footlights and dancing, jigging and singing. The audience strains its ears to hear the words of the song, but even though it catches a phrase here and there, it seems to have no apparent connection with the comedy itself.

A little later, perhaps, a bogus Duke appears. If the hostess, the host and their guests had any intelligence whatever, they would immediately know that the Duke was bogus. His manners are boorish. He is vulgar. He whacks the hostess on her back, and uses poor English. But the party goes blithely on. The society girls jump up and dance every once in a while, and the chorus men come in out of the nowhere and join them.

Now I believe that chorus men are abominations. The musical comedy of the future will dispense with them. They go through the same girlish gestures and movements which the chorus girls use. The chorus girls are taught certain distinctly feminine gestures with which to express certain emotions, or with which to emphasize them. The chorus men bounce on to the stage nimbly, and, strange as it may seem, use these same feminine gestures. Now every one knows that men's gestures, movements, smiles, and so forth, are entirely different than those of women. The reaction on the audience is one of scornful amusement, if amusement at all. Again the sense of reality is shattered.

THE puerile plot unwinds itself, but the audience loses the story again and again because of the song number interruptions. Then, after the song number is over, a drumming-up-action trick is resorted to. One of the characters rushes on to the stage in much excitement, crying out something in a loud voice. This is to drag the attention of the audience by force back to the plot. This should not be necessary. Never should the story of a musical comedy be so submerged that it is necessary to pull it up from the depths. After a chunk of plot, and then an irrelevant song number, and then another shred of plot, and another song number which has no connection whatever with the story, the curtain rings down on a glittering ensemble dancing and singing finale scene. Everything is bright and shining and gay. But, what was it all about?

Those in the audience file out, and the musical comedy has made no definite impression. The next day if some one who has seen this musical comedy desires to tell a friend about it, he is unable to describe it. All he can say is: "There was dancing and singing." A musical comedy should have more character than that. It most assuredly should leave a definite impression on the minds of those who paid good money to be entertained.

A musical comedy should possess the very essence of comedy. It must also contain the soul of drama—sentiment in its most engaging form. Its music should be high-grade, a sort of melodious poetry, for melody forms the basis of the entire structure of musical comedy. Opera is musical comedy's half-sister. The successful musical comedy of the future must have extremely tuneful lyrics, with good singers to interpret them properly. I think it is a grave mistake to introduce into the score of a musical comedy one snappy song number by a well- known composer, and then continue to play this up over and over again through the entire play. It becomes monotonous, and the repetition of this same number again helps to destroy realism.

FOR instance, in a love scene between the soubrette and her partner, this sentimental number is first sung. Then, later, the comedian sings it to the kitchen maid or whoever he happens to be wooing at the time. The audience thinks: "Why do these pairs of sweethearts all sing the same songs to each other? There was nothing to that pretty bit of sentiment, after all! For I know right well that the comedian doesn't mean a word he's saying." After a new song number or two, of inferior quality, by the way, the song hit of the play is again drummed up. The mother of the soubrette sings it to the father. So, no matter how charming the sentiment of the hit number was it doesn't go over because it lacks sincerity—reality.

Every song number in a musical comedy should be a good one, and each one should be sung but once. If a young swain, in a mood of love and romance, sings a sentimental ballad to his lady love, it should be sung that one time and no more. If the comedian is taken with the love germ he should convey it to his loved one in his own words. And so it should be with all the characters. The song numbers should all have a direct connection with the story of the play. Each number should blend with the plot, and not be independent of it. There should be no necessity to pull the audience back almost by force to a comprehension of it. The song numbers should blend and flow with and augment, not interrupt, the plot.

THE curtain should go up on a realistic scene, which immediately strikes the key-note of the piece. The opening of musical comedies with choruses is not necessary. There are other ways of raising a curtain, and introducing the first note of the story. Chorus girls, while a great asset to musical comedy, need not dominate it. They need not frolic through the piece without rhyme or reason. And I predict that musical comedies of the future will have smaller choruses—eight girls, for instance. But these eight girls will be exceptional ones. They will be talented. They will be capable of doing solo numbers, execute a short specialty dance number, read a number of lines. When there is a large chorus, no matter how attractive the girls are, no matter how charming their frocks, or divine their forms, the audience cannot possibly concentrate on them. It is like watching a three-ring circus. They are all crowded together helter-skelter—not one an outstanding figure. It stands to reason that eight pretty talented, well-formed chorus girls will be far more intriguing—will stand out in stronger relief—than a mass formation.

These girls will not be the stupid automatons of musical comedies of the past. They will not all bob up and down at the same time, kick up their heels in unison, nod their heads simultaneously, wave their hands in one great flutter. They will dance and sing and frolic, but not as mechanical dolls. The soul of musical comedy is life and gayety, and the girls will be gay, but gayety has moments when it is romantic, when it is merry, when it is roguish, when

(*Continued on page* 120)

Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

Always a delight to the eye, this popular dancer was to have been one of the principal figures in the new Follies, but sudden indisposition compelled her to take a sea trip to Porto Rico. She will be seen in the Follies later.

ERNA RUBINSTEIN

This sixteen year old Hungarian girl, brought to America last year from Holland by Willem Mengelberg, guest Conductor at Carnegie Hall for the Philharmonic, played at his first concert here. She is now in Europe for rest and study.

Goldberg

(Below)

MADO DITZA

In private life the wife of M. Schauten, this capable leading woman, from the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris, achieved unusual popularity during the Company's stay in New York.

Apeda

Apeda

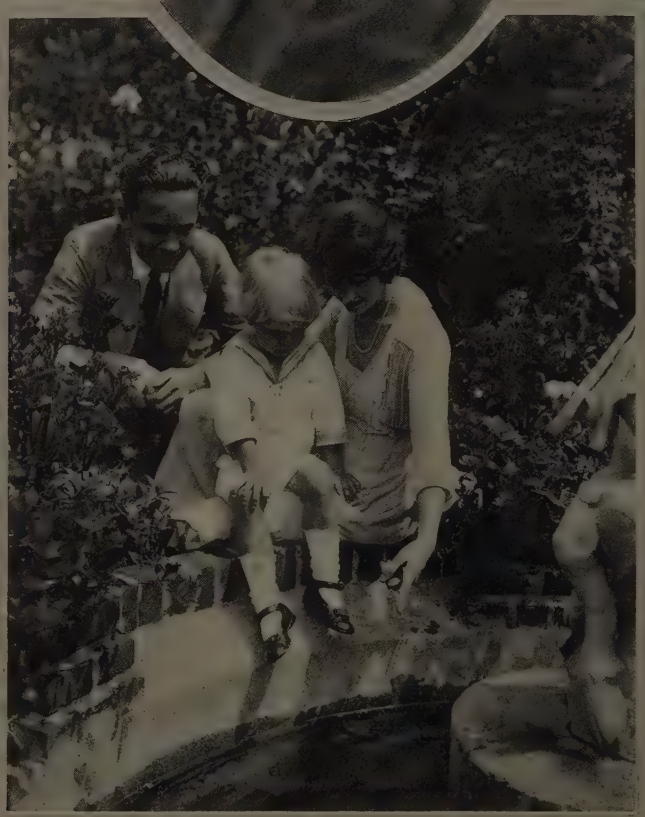
CHARLES SCHAUTEN

Leading man and art director of the French Players, who have just closed in New York a most successful season. M. Schauten, who is from the Théâtre Réjane, Paris, is planning to return here next season with his Company.

(Oval)

RUTH DRAPER

This successful American *diseuse*, whose New York recitals filled the Selwyn Theatre last Spring, is again in Paris, where she has made a hit greater even than last year. After filling engagements at the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre and other Parisian playhouses, Miss Draper will go to Rome, returning home in January. (Photo by Muray.)



Bain News Service

THE REAL BOSS OF THE SANTLEY FAMILY

Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer may have to obey the orders of a stage manager while appearing in the "Music Box Revue," but the real boss of the Santley menage is little Joseph, Jr., their three year old son. When not making up in their dressing rooms in town, the Santley's may be found at their beautiful home in Great Neck.

SEEN IN THE PASSING SHOW

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

EMPIRE. "THE RIVALS." Comedy in 3 acts, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Produced June 5th, with this cast:

Sir Anthony Absolute	Tyrone Power
Captain Absolute	Robert Warwick
Faulkland	Pedro de Cordoba
Acres	Francis Wilson
Sir Lucious O'Trigger	John Craig
Fag	Henry E. Dixey
David	James T. Powers
Mrs. Malaprop	Mary Shaw
Lydia Languish	Violet Heming
Lucy	Patricia Collinge

THE Players, emerging from their hitherto most conservative shell, announce a plan to stage yearly a classic revival. Recently at the Empire they put forth their first venture in this line and gave for a week "The Rivals" with a cast bristling with names distinguished in the profession.

A new generation has sprung up since Jefferson last presented Sheridan's delightful comedy, but in appreciation of its wonderful character drawing and splendid wit those of today apparently are as responsive in laughter and applause as their predecessors ever were. It is not necessary to critically insist that in traditional detail this latest performance left something to be desired. It was a good sound interpretation. Five players stood out: Francis Wilson, whose rendering of Bob was fresh, fluent and amusing, free from exaggeration and slavish devotion to established ideals; James T. Powers, deliciously droll and whimsical as the devoted but affrighted David, the absolutely real thing; Henry E. Dixey, débonair and knowing as Fag; Pedro de Cordoba, who wore his clothes and moved with the authority of a perfect Eighteenth Century gentleman, and Tyrone Power as the alternately human and choleric Sir Anthony.

Robert Warwick was the Captain Absolute; John Craig, Sir Lucius O'Trigger; Mary Shaw, Mrs. Malaprop; Violet Heming, Lydia Languish; and Patricia Collinge, Lucy.

Norman Bel Geddes' scenery of the imaginative type worked better indoors than without.

NEIGHBORHOOD. "MAKERS OF LIGHT." Play in 3 acts, by Frederic Lansing Day. Produced May 23rd, with this cast:

Mrs. Nelis	Eva Condon
Willis Button	Junius Mathews
Agnes Chatley	Esther Mitchell
David Nellis	Ian Maclaren
Sally Morton	Adrienne Morrison
James Grupton, Sr.	Herbert Ashton
Jimmy Grupton	Albert Caroll
John McCleary	Frederick Lloyd
Joseph Prine	John Francis Roche

A SCORE of analogies were brought to mind at the opening of "Makers of Light," at the Neighborhood Playhouse, for it is one of those plays which deals with a pupil's love for his teacher, a time honored dramatic situation. Yet, in this instance, the old theme takes on a new coloring and one peculiarly characteristic of the present age. What was formerly a sentimental love affair, becomes a matter of scientific consequence that must be considered in relation to modern opinions on youth and environment; to character and the making of character, through, say—psychoanalysis. In recent days it has been the custom to deplore feminism in schools, the undue influence of women teachers over impressionable youths and other attendant matters. Similarly, the relation of youth to love and passion has been presented in plays like Frank Wedekind's, "The Awakening of Spring."

The story concerns the experiences of a timid school boy, not one unlike "Tonio," in Thomas Mann's famous short masterpiece of that name. He is fond of his studies and talks about them freely to his teacher, who is twelve years his senior. He talks to her so freely, in fact, that their formal relations gradually turn into an intimate one; from teacher and pupil they are unconsciously transformed into lover and mistress. And the treatment of their love affair is so skillful and earnest that its very incongruity becomes convincing, poignant and finally tragic, for their love has tragic consequences. When Sally, the teacher, tells her young lover that she is about to become a mother, he envisages instantly the dire results which may attend the birth. Utterly overcome by remorse, he goes down the roadway and kills himself.

Thanks to the earnestness and discrimination of the cast, "Makers of Light," the last play of the Neighborhood Playhouse season, had a highly impressive presentation. Albert Carroll and Adrienne Morrison were convincing in the difficult rôles of the lovers; and Ian Maclaren, the bulwark of Neighborhood Playhouse success, showed his customary artistry as David Nellis, an English teacher. "Makers of Light" is not a pleasant play, but it is a memorable one.

HENRY MILLER. "A PINCH HITTER." Comedy in 4 acts, by H. M. Harwood. Produced June 1st, with this cast:

Millicent Hannay	Pamela Gaythorne
Nigel Bellamy	Charles Waldron
Page	Gordon Gunniss
Mr. Prothero	J. M. Kerrigan
Dennis Lestrange	Allan Pollock
Archibald Hanay	Edgar Kent
Joyce Traill	Helen Stewart

THOUGH much of the material of H. M. Harwood's comedy, "A Pinch Hitter," is made up of familiar material, the management of situations and the crispness of the dialogue give the play freshness and charm. Especially is this true of the first act—a very ingenious one with a distracted pair of "mental lovers" seeking the tricky services of a rascally lawyer who is an expert in effecting divorces. This lawyer, as portrayed by J. M. Kerrigan, was one of the finest characterizations of the present season, a superb conception of an unctious Dickens type, which, despite its brevity deserves mention with Lenore Ulric's Kiki. Once in the hands of this lawyer, "the mental lovers," Millicent Hannay and Nigel Bellamy proceed to engage a certain Dennis Lestrange—Allan Pollock—as professional co-respondent, thereby launching themselves into many unexpected and entertaining experiences. For, oddly enough, the co-respondent has an ethical sense and a romantic disposition, and though he serves faithfully, he proceeds to fall in love with the niece of Millicent, while incidentally winning the sentimental interest of that lady herself. It is all very droll, and sometimes broadly funny, especially when Charles Waldron, the distressed Nigel, gives way to pro-

fessional grief that would do credit to George Tesman.

All this has to do with the play itself. Next, Allan Pollock must be discussed, for he is, of course, the excuse for the production. No better excuse could be provided; he proves to be as good in comedy as in such somber works as "A Bill of Divorcement." Though not the type of person ordinarily chosen for such a rôle, he gave to his part the impression of youth, vivacity and spirit. All this, of course, in a subdued manner; yet one which wistfulness and intrinsic gentility made memorable. The world is already acquainted with Mr. Pollock's splendid record as a soldier and his fine personal character; now to this is added the revelation of a high comedy attitude toward life.

Supporting Mr. Pollock was a highly efficient company, including stately Pamela Gaythorne as Millicent, Helen Stewart, an ingenue with common sense, and Edgar Kent.

The production, though simple, was decidely effective, thanks to the appropriateness of the settings and the costumes. "Pinch Hitter," by the way, is a baseball term, having to do with substitution.

GARRICK. "FROM MORN TO MIDNIGHT." Play in 7 scenes, by George Kaiser. Produced June 5th, with this cast:

Cashier	Frank Reicher
Stout Gentleman	Ernest Cossart
Clerk	Sears Taylor
Messenger Boy	Francis Sadtler
Lady	Helen Westley
Bank Manager	Henry Travers
Muffled Gentleman	Allyn Joslyn
Serving Maid	Adele St. Maur
Porter	Charles Cheltenham
The Lady's Son	Edgar Stehli
The Cashier's Mother	Kathryn Wilson
His Daughters	Lela May Aultman, Julia Cobb
His Wife	Ernita Lascelles
First Penitent	Charles Ellis
Fourth Soldier of Salvation Army	William Crowell
Policeman	Stanley Howlett

WHATEVER the Theatre Guild produces is at least apt to have the stamp of interest attached. Both dramatic and interesting was its final production of the season, "From Morn to Midnight," by George Kaiser, a play in seven scenes rendered into capital English by Ashley Dukes. This concluding experiment is usually given for the sole benefit of subscribers, but this year the general public was privileged to attend six additional performances of the Kaiser play.

"From Morn to Midnight" is written in terms of the cinema drama, scene follows scene in the sequential and logical development of its fable. But —as the spoken play must always have it over that of the screen—each phase is rendered with a true and gripping regard for the subtleties of its psychological content. And it is just this particular that removes "From Morn to Midnight" from the realm of theatrical exaggeration and sentimental banality into the field of thoughtful drama. Stylistic setting, designed by Lee Simonson, and simple to a degree, was with a single exception entirely satisfying.

A bank cashier, a model in every particular, yields to a sudden impulse —a woman, of course—whom he thoroughly misunderstands, and becomes an embezzler. His experience from this hour until late at night in a Salvation Army bar-room, when he blows out his brains, gives Mr. Frank Reicher an opportunity for a fine sustained and varied display of mixed emotions and reactions, an arduous and exacting rôle which he enacted with fine virtuosity.

The other parts are merely details in his day's history, but there are many admirable bits for good intelligent acting. Helen Westley in a dual rôle, Henry Travers as a self-satisfied bank manager, Edgar Stehli as a too trusting waiter, and Ernita Lascelles as the Salvation lassie deserve particular mention.

VANDERBILT. "FANNY HAWTHORNE." Play in 3 acts, by Stanley Houghton. Produced May 11th with this cast:

Mrs. Hawthorne	Louie Emery
Christopher Hawthorne	Whitford Kane
Fanny Hawthorne	Eileen Huban
Mrs. Jeffcote	Alice Belmore Cliffe
Nathaniel Jeffcote	Herbert Lomas
Ada	Nannie Griffin
Alan Jeffcote	Gordon Ash
Sir Timothy Farrar	Walter Edwin
Beatrice Farrar	Gilda Leary

THOUGH the revival of Stanley Houghton's play, "Hindle Wakes," under the name of "Fanny Hawthorne," has made a difference in nomenclature, the play itself remains the same, intrinsically, manifesting again, with almost startling freshness, the fine values apparent at the first production and in book form.

It is not extravagant to say that "Hindle Wakes" is one of the best plays of modern times. Its characters are vividly drawn, quite real beings who might well fit into such a neighborhood as the people of George Elliot's books frequent. Structurally, it is deft and compact. And it is not without its touches of grim humor. As a work of special pleading, it must always be associated with Ibsen's "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts," intense appeals for individual rights. "Hindle Wakes," in fact, was almost the last word on the subject until Eugene O'Neill wrote "Diffr'nt."

Fanny is a dynamic heroine, whose straight thinking and womanliness lift her above the incident to which she has been a part. She looks fearlessly into "the cold gray dawn of the morning after." Though her future must be sombre, she plunges into it with certainty, a certainty that has come to all women, we hope, since Nora slammed the door behind her and made a similar plunge.

To recount the story of the play is needless, of course. It has become well known to all those who follow modern tendencies in fiction and on the stage. Yet there was nothing hackneyed in the play as presented in this revival; the players gave it a powerful and fervent presentation, one which stands out as noteworthy among the best productions of the year. That stock term, *esprit de corps,* best describes the sympathetic earnestness that actuated every individual player, whose one purpose was to make the play a perfect picture.

Whitford Kane was the most ideal member of a cast which had many rare qualities. But the public has grown accustomed to the beauty of his art, his pervading gentleness, his love for humanity, his aristocratic humbleness and his humor. All these terms are paradoxical; yet they all apply to Whitford Kane, whose power to catch the subtleties of Dunsany, the wistfulness of Galsworthy's "Pigeon" is unmatched.

Herbert Lomas was an impressive Nathaniel Jeffcote, likeable despite his severity. Alice Belmore Cliffe was admirable as the somewhat, easy-going Mrs. Jeffcote, while Louie Emery was an excellent foil as the saturine Mrs. Hawthorne.

The beautiful Eileen Huban was a splendid Fanny—a little too stubborn, perhaps, but quite tender and sad in her farewell to Alan, the casual lover. Alan, by the way, as portrayed by Gordon Ash was too markedly cosmopolitan for the early scenes, but fitted into the situations better as the play advanced.

"Fanny Hawthorne" deserves a long and successful run.

SHUBERT. "Red Pepper." Musical entertainment in 2 acts; book by Edgar Smith and Emily M. Young, music by Albert Gumble and Owen Murphy. Produced May 29th.

As far as confirmed McIntyre and Heath admirers are concerned, "Red Pepper" would be a success if they but went through with their verbal pig stuffing stunt. As for others—either those who are just getting acquainted with these blackface comedians, or those who have known them through the years—this musical entertainment is a snappy summer show—nothing more or less. James and Thomas roll the bones in the same old funny way, wear the same noisome clothes, and get over their lines in the same droll and whimsical manner.

The chorus girls are lively, but not particularly lovely. Their "Strut Your Stuff" number is unique, and the outstanding feature of all the chorus work. The Fooshee twins—Gladys and Sybil—are fresh and attractive looking mites, but too googoo-sweet. Their baby trills and set smiles pall after a bit. There are several other principals aiding and abetting the old-timers—McIntyre and Heath. There is Florence Rayfield, who has beautiful hair, but who is too conscious of this fact; Bee Ho Gray, a lariat twirler, who is excellent in his way, but who seems to pattern his style after Will Rogers, or perhaps its vice versa; and Mabel Elaine, an eccentric dancer, who impersonates a colored lady-highbrow.

Two sweet-voiced singers have negligible places in the cast, but their singing is commendable. They are Vivian Holt and Lillian Rosedale. Summing it up, this new vehicle for the two blackface favorites, has enough snap and seasoning to warrant its title.

FULTON. "Abie's Irish Rose." Comedy in 3 acts, by Anne Nichols. Produced May 23rd.

When lilacs bloom and the modest violet begins to assert itself in the open, the quality of new theatrical happenings is apt to lessen materially in artistic value. Critical taste slacks off as the thermometer advances and so the manager grades his programs accordingly.

"Abie's Irish Rose," at the Fulton, is in keeping with the season. It is thoroughly unpretentious and it is visibly preposterous, but it is nevertheless extremely diverting. It is good, riotous entertainment and alertly alive with hearty laughs. Its author, Anne Nichols, apparently knows, to her finger tips, the exacting technique required by the vaudeville stage. Her dialogue is what is professionally known as "side-walk conversation," it is the slapstick exchange of so-called repartee, and the situations into which she plunges her characters are soundly sure in their traditional and accepted worth.

Abie Levy, a young Hebrew, and Rosemary Murphy, faith and nationality thoroughly indicated by the name, are secretly married by a Methodist clergyman. To reconcile Abie's orthodox father and Rosie's equally irascible Irish parent makes for the principal interest, with the result that the youngsters are married twice again, once by a Rabbi and subsequently by a Catholic priest. The clashes between the Jewish Montague and the Irish Capulet are productive of much fun.

The young people are nicely played by Robert B. Williams and Marie Carroll. Papa Levy is broadly handled by Alfred Weisman, while the Irish prototype has an aggressively athletic exponent in John Cope.

GAIETY. "The Drums of Jeopardy." Play in 5 scenes, by Howard Herrick and Harold MacGrath. Produced May 29th.

"The Drums of Jeopardy" sound stirring enough wrought thus into a title. But, as a play, they beat faintly. Perhaps Harold MacGrath's story was readable enough; dramatized, it is wrecked and ruined. It is a ridiculous hodge-podge of mystery, melodrama, romance, and tragedy. Two huge emeralds (from which the play derives its name), a Bolshevik, a Russian Prince, a sad musician, a newspaper man and a newspaper woman run riot through the five "scenes"—not acts, as the program informs you.

There are so many ridiculous flaws—inconsistencies, absurd phrases and scenes—in this play that it would be cruel to attempt to enumerate them. However, though a cast can not be exactly expected to work enthusiastically with poor material, still there is no excuse for actors continually fumbling and forgetting their lines and cues and stage business as did those in the cast of "The Drums of Jeopardy." And when the butler, Emmet O'Reilly, announces the name of a guest before he has even opened the door to see who is there, Tuesday's night's audience could restrain its mirth no longer and howled with delight.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET, "The Rotters." Satirical Comedy in 3 acts, by H. F. Maltby. Produced May 22nd.

The members of the Clugston family were rotters, from the father to the flapper daughter, yes, even to Phoebe, the servant. But there was not enough of cleverness mixed with their "rotting" to make it interesting. They were a common, vulgar lot and they wallowed in their commonness, their vulgarity and their sham respectability *ad nauseam*. The play did not last long on Broadway.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "Ziegfeld Follies." Music by Victor Herbert, Louis A. Hirsch and Dave Stamper; book by Ring Lardner and Dave Stamper. Produced June 5th, with this cast:

Miss Take	Mary Lewis
Youth	Andrew Tombes
Alice	Mary Eaton
Ambassador Harvey	Brandon Tynan
Bootlegger	Teddy Knox
Capital	Ed Gallagher
Retired Bankrupt	Al Shean
Labor	J. J. Shannon
Senator Sapp	Frank Lambert
Movies	Martha Lorber
Bonus Bill	Frank Tierney
Flapper	Lulu McConnell
Peppy Hopkins	Helen Lee Worthing
Taxes	George Truscott
Miss Calculate	Margery Chapin
Miss Trial	Edna Wheaton

What would New York be without Ziegfeld's annual production of the Follies? It is, as usual, a stupendous production, with money spent recklessly. It is a feast for the eye, but unfortunately it lacks originality. Of course, no one expects a sermon, but a little more wit here and there, a little more original music, would certainly help. As it is, however, the Follies are just as good as the preceding productions, but not any better. Will Rogers is heard again in his clever monologues, and hits were scored by Ed Gallagher and Al Shean, who have emigrated from the vaudeville circuit.

The One Man Show

Only a Super-Comedian Able to Constitute Himself the Sole Attraction

By ALTA MAY COLEMAN

COMEDY cannot be analyzed. Like electricity, we don't know what it is, but we do know what it will do. It will make people laugh. All the highbrows who have written serious tomes explaining comedy, including the French philosopher, Henri Bergson, have told us little more than that.

So, when it came to finding out what qualities a comedian must have to become a super-comedian, what "extra added attractions" he must possess in order to be "the whole show," we avoided sober-minded analysts and sought enlightenment from the artistes in question. They are rare; less than half a dozen shine in the theatrical firmament.

Such qualifications as personality and imagination, Ed Wynn seems to take for granted in a comedian. He passes lightly over them to lay stress on the copybook maxim of honest toil.

"Work. Very hard work. That's it," he said. "Very hard work and study."

Mr. Wynn ought to know. He is a perfect example of the three-ringed circus boiled down to one man. He not only *is* the whole show. He wrote it. "The Perfect Fool" is his, book, lyrics and music. He staged it. He designed scenery and costumes. And he turned his winter season at the Cohan Theatre into a summer run, because he entertains so many different kinds of people.

THE tired business man, the tireless flapper—he hands them both a laugh. The radicals of Greenwich Village who know all about sex and psychoanalysis are Ed Wynn fans, although he never has a sex joke in his plays. His humor is so delightfully *bizarre,* they say. Judging from some of their smocks and hair cuts, they know what *bizarre* means.

"But study, Mr. Wynn? What do you mean, study?"

"Study. Acquire knowledge by effort—apply the mind, as in lessons. The University of Pennsylvania taught me a lot of things besides the college yell, but it didn't have lessons in everything. For example, I didn't graduate an acrobat. I've had to learn that, haven't I?

"And mind-reading. I'm not a psychic. I don't claim to be a psychic. Do I look like a psychic?"

We regarded the long sober face, the long chin which Mr. Wynn describes with the Biblical phrase as the original "jawbone of an ass," the alert brown eyes sparkling like a couple of live wires behind horn-rimmed spectacles, the neat brown business suit, modest tie, big black cigar.

"No, you don't look like any psychic we ever saw."

"I'm not. That mind-reading skit is code. I had to memorize twenty-eight hundred words to work that. Twenty-eight hundred words! The entire language of a profession—more special words than any doctor or lawyer has to know. Not only learn them by rote but use them. Study? Humph!"

"But now that you know them—"

"Now I know them, I've got to learn something else, haven't I? After my first show, the 'Carnival,' people said: 'He's done it this time. But he's through.' Yes, that's what they said although I had been eleven years in vaudeville and never played the same act two seasons. Well, you can see in 'The Perfect Fool,' I wasn't through and I didn't repeat. In my next show I'll play seventeen musical instruments; really play them. You have to do a thing pretty well before you can burlesque it.

QUITE the opposite of Mr. Wynn, who may be compared to the old-time court jester who concealed beneath his motley the wisdom of a sage, is Al Jolson, who recks not whys nor wherefores. His humor is as spontaneous and irresistible as the gamboling lamb or the playful pup.

Whether his vehicle is called, "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," "Sinbad," or "Bombo," makes no difference. Scenery, chorus, plot are but necessary adjuncts to Mr. Jolson's performance. Of the two hours and a half of "Bombo," he is on the stage two hours and five minutes. And leaves the audience calling for more! How does he do it? What's the answer?

Mr. Jolson phrased his theory speedily and succinctly.

"There isn't any answer. You can or you can't. You do or you don't. If you can, you just step out on the stage and do it. That's all there is to it."

Mr. Jolson's big brown eyes brimmed with life and vitality. His compact body radiated energy. His flexible mouth seemed on the brink of laughter from sheer good spirits. There was no weight of responsibility that within five minutes he must quicken three thousand people with laughter and emotion. He was as gay as a school boy let loose on a lark.

"But don't you have to work hard, Mr. Jolson?"

"Of course, I work hard. I've got more pep in me right now than ever before in my life."

"The more pep you have, the better the show goes; is that it?"

"I suppose so. Anyway, I want to feel good. All day I stay out in the air as much as I can. I don't ever want to drag through a show. I want to enjoy it, too. What's the use of living if you don't enjoy what you're doing?"

THIS bounding energy, sheer health and human vigor is half of Mr. Jolson's secret. His spirits never flag and he carries his audience with him on the high seas of rollicking fun. His entertainment varies from bits of legitimate characterization to broad burlesque, with moments when he steps out of his rôle to be Al Jolson singer or *raconteur*. His songs are of two varieties, lively comedy songs such as "The Wonderful Kid from Madrid," and ballads of the "Mammy" school which he sings with an emotional fervor that a religious exhorter would envy.

"I have to feel them to sing them. With the orchestra right, and the audience out there listening for all they are worth, then I just let go and sing. You know, sing for all there is in me."

Who besides Fred Stone can sing, dance, ride horses and command the slithery lariat with equal skill? He stands preeminent as the athletic comedian. For almost a score of years his funny arms and legs have evoked laughter from coast to coast. Like Mr. Wynn, Mr. Stone believes in constant practice. Some section of every day finds him on the bared stage of the theatre, creating new dances of increased vigor or inducing his rope to intricacies.

Raymond Hitchcock, after a triumphant career as a musical comedy star, became a glorified ring-master in his "Hitchy-Koo" revues. Other prominent players were included in his organization, but Mr. Hitchcock was the dominant personality and chief entertainer, with his songs, skits and heart-to-heart chats with the audience. Similarly, Frank Tinney's varied comicalites are the web if not the woof—I suppose he would say "woof woof"—of "Tickle Me."

ELSIE JANIS has lately discovered that her lively personality will shine without aid of a plot. From the days of "The Vanderbilt Cup," Miss Janis has been noted for her versatility—her songs, her dances, her imitations and the Elsie Janis cartwheel. Now presenting the second edition of "Elsie Janis and Her Gang," she adds the laurels of author and director. Nora Bayes, whose quickening charm and varied songs kept the wheels going round at high speed in "Ladies First," is planning another entertainment of the same type.

Further likely candidates in the field of the "one man show" are Will Rogers and Eddie Cantor. So far as audiences are concerned, they're both elected. Mr. Cantor heads this year's Winter Garden show, "Make It Snappy," contributing a stage-door skit that runs fifteen minutes; a policeman skit, thirteen minutes; eighteen minutes of the Jewish tailor skit; five minutes in the restaurant scene; eight minutes of the taxi wrangle; ten minutes in the burlesque of "The Sheik"; and fifteen minutes of songs in blackface—one hour and fifteen minutes in all.

Mr. Cantor's remarkable versatility, his swift, sure humorous characterizations and his songs, delivered with febrile intensity, qualify him to entertain for double that time.

Abbe

BETTY FITCH

A popular show-girl whose decorative qualities are an important feature of the Eddie Cantor Review, "Make It Snappy."

Abbe

ALICE WEAVER

A charming little dancer who is doing her bit to "Make it Snappy."

Abbe

MARGARET WILSON

This Southern beauty, a new-comer to Broadway, deserted society for the stage. As the prima donna in "Make it Snappy" she gives the T. B. M. something to look at and be that much less tired.

BEAUTY HELPS "MAKE IT SNAPPY"

Twenty Years of Theatre Building

Remarkable Improvements Made of Recent Years in Housing The Modern Drama

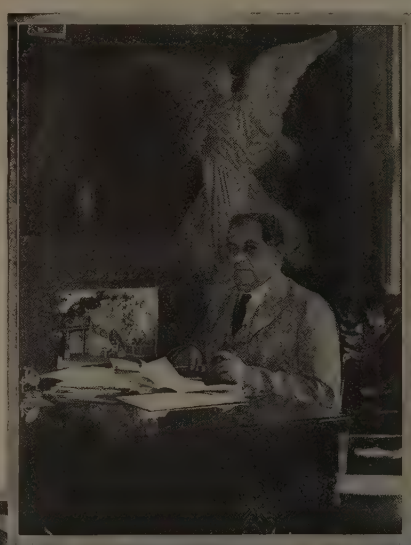
By BURR C. COOK

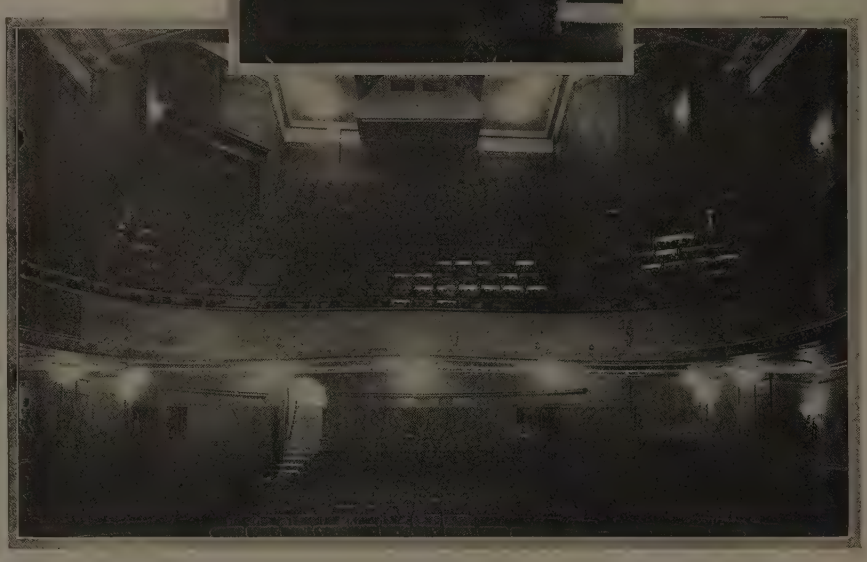
TUCKED away in a dingy office on West 33rd Street, New York, surrounded by draughts and blue-prints, is a grey-haired man of middle age by the name of Edward Margolies. Although little known to the general public, Mr. Margolies is a dominant power in the theatrical world. For twenty years he has devoted himself exclusively to the building of theatres—in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, and other large centers. In the past fifteen years he has built all but four of the many legitimate playhouses erected in New York—the capital of theatredom.

"Of the millions of people who patronize the theatre in this country," said Mr. Margolies, "very few give a thought to the material comforts that surround them. One in a thousand notes the style of architecture, the form of construction, the improvements in design of the playhouse he happens to visit. Such things are taken for granted. As long as they are seated in an upholstered chair, and are comfortable, their interest in their surroundings is purely subconscious.

"How many ever stop to think that the heat which warms them comes from outside the theatre itself, that the up-to-date, concrete structure in which they sit stands as an example of generations of evolution in the building trade, that, in the past twenty-five years, in New York, there has not been a single fire, that each edifice represents an outlay of some four or five hundred thousand dollars? These facts, and many of a more vital interest, are Greek to the average theatregoer. Interwoven with them, however, is the romance of theatre building—something more than a branch of the building trade—a profession in itself."

It is easy to see, by the keen enthusiasm in his voice, that Mr. Margolies is completely wrapped up in his subject. His black eyes glow and the big, muscular hands clench the arms of his chair as he talks. Although his specialty of theatre building was acquired somewhat by accident, it is apparent that it has absorbed his entire outlook. About twenty-one years ago, Mr. Margolies was constructing an ocean pier at Arverne, Long Island, and as a business venture for his son he decided to erect a theatre on the structure. It was his first attempt at theatre building and he became interested in the problems presented. The building was only partly finished when his son was taken ill and died, and as a memorial to the latter, Mr. Margolies completed the work, exercising the greatest care and artistry in its appointments.





VIEW FROM THE STAGE OF THE FORTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY,

an excellent example of the wide, flat auditorium now used in theatre construction. No obstructing posts, no "side-line" seats with distorted view, and perfect economy of space [*Inset*] Edward Margolies—theatre builder.

"I had often sat in theatres," continued the latter, "and observed the gilt and tinsel, the obstructing posts and cornices, the pinched, inadequate boxes, clinging like barnacles to what might have been a dignified and artistic proscenium, and I made up my mind to construct something different and something better. Even in those days the old-fashioned tiers of boxes were coming into disfavor. They were really a survival of the Elizabethan drama that admitted spectators to three sides of the stage, and in some instances, to the stage itself.

"The idea of enclosing the scene of a play in a frame, as one would a picture, was just coming into vogue. Shakespearean productions and the pompous allegories of the later nineties were giving place to such American plays as "The Lion and the Mouse," and "Bought and Paid For," and these presentations readily adapted themselves to the new idea. At the same time, elaborate scenic effects became popular—stage illusions and the like—which made it advisable to keep the audience farther from the proscenium in order to create an effect of reality.

"I constructed my son's theatre with the latest developments in view. The Iroquois Theatre disaster in Chicago was fresh in mind, as well as several similar calamities, and I determined to make my playhouse absolutely fire-proof and capable of being emptied in from five to ten minutes. Such a thing was unheard of in those days, although at present a properly-constructed theatre should be emptied in less than five minutes.

"Several managers saw my finished house and I received many compliments in regard to it and one or two contracts for others of a similar nature. Thus began my career of theatre building and I have been at it ever since. So wide-spread and rapid has been the evolution of the stage since then that today, in New York, the great theatre center of the world, there is not one theatre over twenty years of age left standing.

"While critics are constantly deploring the 'commercializing' of the drama in this country, few realize what actual benefits this commercial spirit has engendered—at least on the material side of the profession. It is because of this spirit that there are no antequated structures left. Two important factors have been at work in the gradual evolution of the playhouse—one being the change in the nature of dramatic entertainment, and the other, the modern insistence on efficiency and economy—in time, space, and money. It was only a short while ago that every theatre was

built as a unit—usually with a cupola, ornate façade, and roof trimmings. The "opery" house, the pride and glory of every small hamlet in the land, was—and in many instances, still is—an example of this old-fashioned tendency.

"Today, a theatre has become a commercial proposition—an entire building—capable of paying for itself through its rental of office-space and stores. The Shuberts, whose theatres I build exclusively in all parts of the country, have raised this phase of the industry to its highest perfection. Their playhouses are more than beautiful palaces of entertainment; they are municipal assets of a decided commercial value, the possession of which is an honor to any community.

"One of the chief results of this new development has been to raise the cost of theatre-building to almost three times its former figure, but the advantages over the old style of building far outweigh the increased expenditure. Today, a theatre costs anywhere from two hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars. Constructed on a plot of two hundred square feet, however, it can be made to accommodate all of two thousand people, whereas, before, it was a problem to arrange a seating capacity of 900—in spite of balconies and 'peanut' galleries *ad infinitum*.

"These 'seventh heavens' were usually reached by means of winding wooden stairs which were fire-traps of the most dangerous sort. Today, we have done away with this evil. Since the fire laws forbid the installation of furnaces in theatre buildings, another danger has been avoided by setting up heating plants in separate structures outside the theatre itself. Pipes carry the heat into the auditorium. I believe the 'intimate' theatre has come to stay. Attempts have been made to produce small plays in large theatres but they have almost invariably failed. A small play needs a small theatre and a large play a large one.

"Another advantage the new theatre has over the old is in the construction of the walls. The walls of the old theatre were eighteen inches thick and—as was disclosed in the recent dismantling of the Wallack Theatre, New York—were often built of lime, which dries quickly and crumbles away, leaving the sides very weak. When the supporting girders were removed, the walls of the old Wallack could actually be pushed over by workmen with their hands. The present-day theatre is built with so-called 'curtain' walls, made of iron struts and cement. They are so much thinner than the old style wall that they add an average of one hundred chairs to the seating capacity, and they are so strong that it would take an artillery bombardment to destroy them.

"It is a happy coincidence that the demand for efficiency in the theatre has consorted with an increased beauty. Simplicity in construction—doing away with the fancy trimmings and architectural elaborations—has given the modern playhouse a quiet dignity it never before attained. Today, more than two boxes are an excrescence, and even as few as this are going out of style. When they are erected they should always be above the ground floor so as not to obstruct the view. People find they cannot see well from such a distorted angle and most managers resort to the complimentary ticket to keep them filled. They are strictly a house 'trimming' and when they are empty—even though the rest of the house is filled—they look forlorn and out of place.

"The famous 'peanut' gallery is a thing of the past. Some may regret its departure for sentimental reasons but certainly the single balcony, with its deep, commodious space, is a decided improvement. The seating capacity remains the same—between 1,000 and 1,200—although some of the larger theatres, like the new Jolson in New York, accommodate as many as 2,300 persons. Today, no matter if a theatre is 200 feet wide, no posts—obstructing the view of the audience—are needed to support the balcony. The heavy, steel-girder construction is strong enough in itself.

"Theatre building is sometimes exciting, for it often happens that a manager has a production on hand which must be brought into New York at once. These races against time occurred both in my building of the Ritz Theatre and the new Ambassador in New York. The former was completed in sixty-two days—a record for theatre-building as far as I know—and the latter was done in ninety days to be ready for the scheduled appearance of "The Rose Girl." Twenty years ago it required anywhere from a year to sixteen months to erect a playhouse. I have just completed two new theatres in Cincinnati on a rush order—the completion of one being directed almost entirely by telegraph from my New York office. In July, I expect to sail for England to construct a string of playhouses for an English syndicate.

"In the past decade the theatre has evolved radically in its shape, from the long, deep horse-shoe of some 120 feet, to the wide, flat auditorium now used. What the future will produce in this respect depends to a large extent upon the nature of dramatic vehicles. As long as the drama remains in its present form the modern house has reached a point nearing perfection, for its accommodation. Various attempts at a further refinement in the line of efficiency have been made, such as the revolving or 'table' stage, but—on this side of the water at least—they have proved unsuccessful.

"The Century Theatre in New York, is one striking instance where the 'table' stage was constructed and, although many thousands of dollars have been expended trying to make it workable, it has never been used. Heavy scenery and elaborate 'sets' oftentimes cause the electrical turning device to get out of order and break-downs at the last minute have proved it impractical. Because of the strict rules of the stage laborers' unions, the same number of stagehands are required and the small fraction of time saved in a mechanical revolution of the actors' platform is not worth the added expense. 'What we are approaching in playhouses is really a reversion to the old Greek stadium idea. In its cycle of evolution the theatre is turning back to fundamental principles. Perhaps, step by step, we shall again pass through the Elizabethan, Victorian, Colonial, and other stages of development, to a greater and even more remarkable edifice for the drama of the future.

INTERIOR OF THE NEW JOLSON THEATRE, 59TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

showing the curved ceiling for acoustic effect, capacious balcony, and single, projecting box above the ground floor.

Where Are The Favorites of Yesterday?

Actors Never Die; They Simply Fade Away When They Have Strutted Their Little Hour

By MARY F. WATKINS

THERE is a story about a great tragedienne, who, because of ill-health, had to leave the stage a few years before the normal span of her career was completed. When she was well again she was too old, the world had wagged on without her, no one wanted her. The sorrow and disappointment turned her brain. She went to another city, where she began to pretend that she was still an idol of the public. She convinced herself that it was true, she spent her days in the galleries, planning new costumes for which she could never pay, her evenings dressed to receive reporters who never came. At last she was found dying in a tiny room of an obscure pension, dressed in the velvet robes of Marie Stuart. With her last breath she protested that she must get to a dress rehearsal which must not be kept waiting.

Happily, this tale is not typical of the actor's fate; nevertheless, through the fabric of its sentimentalism, are woven strong threads of truth. Acting is at best the most evanescent of the Arts. Its greatest exponents, once they have strutted their brief hour, must trust the burden of their fame to the shifting memory of man. Even with the motion picture doing its bit for preservation, what can a flat black and white shadow ever tell of the vivid personality, the finished technique, the thrill of a subtle inflection, the ineffable charm which makes a great actor or actress? So they rely on our memory of them, and how easily, to our eternal shame, we forget! Beyond a sentimental retrospection now and then toward the good old days and those who peopled them, we are too busy garnering new impressions to bother much about yesterday. And there is always the new generation standing jostling in the wings. And even Shakespeare observed that:

"The eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next."

JUST how complete a world in itself is the theatre, the mere layman can never know. When an actor once enters the stage door, he can never emerge. To be sure, his body may walk out for the last time some day, but his heart, or at least a vital part of his spirit stays behind to sniff the dear odors of scenery, canvas, and grease paint, to sit in the glare of the make-up mirror, to exchange banter in the green-room, for ever and ever.

And those whose bodies walk out, what happens to them when they "simply fade away"? Fortunately, the majority have laid up their penny against a rainy day, although there are frequent examples where improvident lack of foresight, or more likely, unstinted generosity through lavish years, have created situations such as has recently been the pathetic case of that most charming person, Rose Coghlan. For the lesser player-folk whose sun has set, generous colleagues have established homes where care and comfort and ease are assured up to the very final curtain. There is a large home not far from Manhattan, a happy, sunshiny old house looking over a bay full of ships. The household is trying to be gay, and they all say they are very contented with their lot. But look deep into their eyes—one finds the same wistfulness that can be seen in the bronzed faces of the gentle old sailors in their snug harbor further down the road.

AND the others . .? They are not necessarily *old,* you know, in fact one should not dream of mentioning age at all in connection with any Thespian—but those who, for one reason or another, have found it wise and best, or unavoidable, to become just "people" again? They are all about you. Probably, Marguerite Gautier lives opposite your apartment, or you sit next to Becky Sharp at church. The dignified old gentleman buying a mutton chop this morning may once have worn the robes of King Lear, and doubtless, the aunt of that darling baby in the park was none other than a vanished Juliet. What a zest this gives to our everyday existence, how eagerly we should scan the faces of the crowd. But after the novelty of their new freedom wears off, there is not so much zest for *them.*

To pursue, unimpeded, some cherished hobby, to assist in the rearing of other people's children, to write one's memoirs, these are only pale ghosts of a real day's work. So they search, search, search the printed page, secretly, of course, for some happy reminiscent mention of their names, for some assurance that they are not forgotten. And sometimes, when the pressure is too strong, they come back, if only for the dear delight of saying good-bye once more.

Through the busy years they have always dreamed so happily of this very time. The Green Room, the Pullman smoker, rang with the re-iterated . . "Well, when I've got enough cash, I'm going to quit this dog's life and enjoy myself . . . I'm going to stop working before I have to, and have . . ." Are these words eaten in bitterness, or fulfilled in joy? The odds are uneven.

WITH Villon we plead desperately, "Where are the players of Yesteryear?" for they are passing so quickly, before we really get to know them. Here today, tomorrow they are gone.

One is tempted to philosophize with a touch of morbidity. The mood is depressing, the sands of Broadway seem to shift and sink menacingly beneath one's very feet. Glancing about at the winking signs, we are assailed with an hysterical desire to rush frantically from one theatre to another; to stare hard at Margalo Gilmore so that we sha'n't forget that innocent smile, to hear Helen Hayes sing "Happy Days" once more and imprint it on our memories before she too is snatched from our midst to a place by the fire-side. Let us beg Ernest Lunt not to even risk leaving the theatre to go home for dinner, let us boldly rush in and lock Richard Bennett in his dressing-room, removing the key. By all means we must prevent Doris Keene or Laurette Taylor from approaching a Steamship Office. The movies cannot have caught them all, old age can claim but a few of them, while surely, surely, the Comedy cannot be ended for any of them!

Where is Annie Russell, Percy Haswell, Marie Tempest, Viola Allen, Olga Nethersole, Robert Edeson, Elsie Leslie, Forbes Robertson, Ellen Terry and the divine Sarah?—to mention only such names as spring casually to mind at a moment's demand.

SOME, like Maxine Elliott, are trying out some dear experiment in domesticity. She, you know, has a quiet little house in Herefordshire, where she is never lonely or dull because of her sister Gertrude's children, especially Blossom, her favorite.

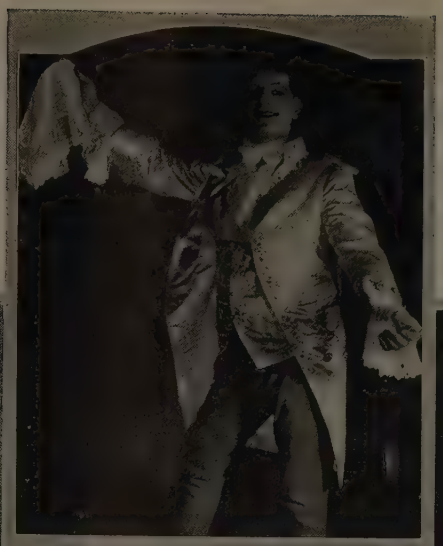
Some marry with acumen, as well as, it is to be hoped, with love, and become absorbed into new careers as varied and diverting as that which they have abandoned, as in the case of the English Vesta Tilly, who is now Lady de Frees.

There are others who come back sporadically, unable to make any farewell really the last, but between times carefully wipe off all trace of grease paint, and play like children. William Gillette has a wonderful house-boat as his toy.

Again, others go back to the town of their birth, and are never heard from more, as the glorious Emma Eames, whose beauty and voice dominated many a Metropolitan season, now hiding her light under a farmer's bushel, in a remote Maine town.

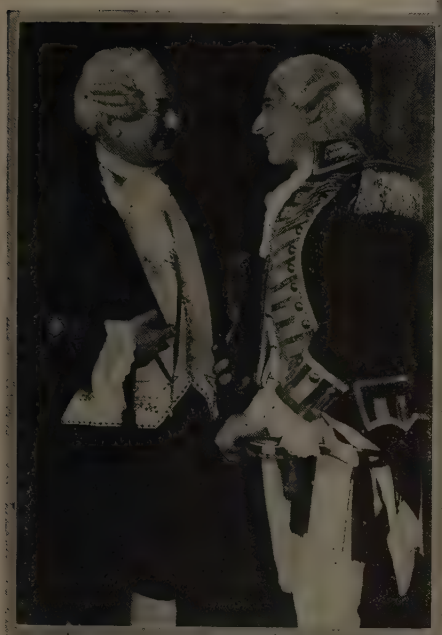
Other wise ones retire while in the very fullness of their powers, and perhaps go in for production or science of allied activities, as has Maude Adams, who heads a special laboratory for the development and perfection of a phase of the motion picture industry.

We might easily name you a score more, but why? They do not seek publicity in their new rôles. But all of them, great and small, busy at hum-drum tasks or reclining restlessly on their beds of well-earned laurels, are listening—listening—eagerly for the broadcasting of our cry of, "Where and how do you fare?" on the radio of our remembrance. If their answer comes, "All's well!" the chances are there will be a postscript, "Will be back next season!" but from some there will be silence.



Bob Acres (Francis Wilson)

Sir Anthony Absolute (Tyrone Power) and Captain Absolute (Robert Warwick).



Captain Absolute and Lydia Languish (Violet Heming).

Photos by White

(Left to right) David (James T. Powers), Sir Lucius O'Trigger (John Craig), Mrs. Malaprop (Mary Shaw), Sir Anthony Absolute (Tyrone Power), and Fag (Henry E. Dixey).

THE PLAYERS' CLUB ALL STAR PRODUCTION OF "THE RIVALS"

Enter the Monkey Man

Carefully Manicured Stage Hero Quite Eclipsed by More Primitive Types

By CAROL BIRD

ARE we experiencing an atavistic throw-back? Are we reverting to primordial instincts? Is civilization boring us, and do we long for things primitive? Are these suppressed desires creeping out in even our entertainment? Certain recent Broadway plays seem to reflect a tendency to glorify life as it was lived in, say—Cave-Man days? Indeed, almost have we become Darwinian in our play-taste. Monkey-men are jibbering their way into the theatrical stronghold. The uncouth male—the Roughneck—is having his innings. He it is who is the Idol of the day. Either the Monkey-man or the Cave-man. It's a toss-up between the two.

Take "Tarzan," for instance! And Liliom! And the latest of all these "The Hairy Ape." It certainly would seem that, at least, for a certain space of time, the formerly popular stage hero will remain in the background. The handsome, suave, well-groomed leading man—he of the magnetic personality and beguiling ways—is out of the picture, at least, temporarily. He is gruel compared to the beefsteak hero of the day. He is febrile. He is ineffectual. He is namby-pamby-sugar-candy in contrast to the Hell's Bells type. How strange he would appear standing up, in his dress-suit, with his manicured nails and his polished pumps beside the new Male of the theatrical species—the Hairy Ape, for instance. Or Liliom! Liliom wore the clothes of a roustabout, a rowdy, a tramp. What would you expect of a merry-go-round barker? He used rough language, and he liked his women weak and his liquor strong. And he certainly was popular with the ladies. Of course, it is true, that his enamoritas were not accustomed to being wooed by white-collared youths who smelled of lilac toilette water and who parked themselves at the Ritz every day. But, nevertheless, even though he did not possess social polish nor a fastidious appearance he won high favor with those of the opposite sex. And, he was the Hero of the play!

THE Hairy Ape doesn't even wear the clothes of a rowdy. In fact, he wears scarcely any clothes at all. He is a stoker, and the firemen's forecastle of an ocean liner isn't exactly the proper place to do the House-of-Kuppenheimer act. He is a rough, greasy, blasphemous devil. He is ignorant, illiterate. Using his own words, he is a dumb-bell. He says: "Aw gwan, ding-blast, dod-burn you" (we substitute and expurgate, fearing editorial wrath if we stick to actualities) "watcha pull all that tripe for?" 'Tripe' means talk. He refers to women as skirts—a nasty little underworld appellation. He throws a shovel at a lady, and tells her to go—well—straight to perdition. He has a countenance so horrible that, quoting a stoke-hold companion of the Ape's, he "scared the skirt outa a year's growth," when she only so much as glanced at his face. Every one tells him he looks like a hairy ape. And he does. He visits the Zoo, and gets on speaking terms with a huge gorilla. When he asks the gorilla a question, the big animal rumbles a reply, so, evidently, the beast and the human ape speak the same language.

PONDERING over this question of the monkey-man and his ascendancy in things theatrical, we ventured to seek out the impersonator of "Yank" Smith, the stoker, the protagonist of "The Hairy Ape," Eugene O'Neill's comedy of ancient and modern life. We intended to ask him right out: Why is the Ape-man getting such a hold in the theatre? Why is he a present day type? Why is he crowding the orthodox stage hero from the boards?

We found "Yank" Smith (Louis Wolheim) in his dressing room at the Plymouth Theatre making up for his rôle as the Hairy Ape. Having been born in a dressing room, as it were, we thought we were immune to startling make-ups. We have seen witches, Mr. Hydes, Svengalis, mad-men, snarling hunch-backs, malevolent Strindberg ladies, devilish magicians, and all sorts of wretched ghouls in the process of being created before make-up mirrors, and never twitched an eyelid. But we had yet to have our serenity shaken by a monkey-man in the making. After taking one glance at the Hairy Ape we were inclined to cover our face with our hands, and flee, as did Mildred Douglas, the white-gowned lady in the play. But genial, kindly Arthur Hopkins sat beside us on a couch, and, feeling that he would prove a sure protector, we relaxed a bit, and watched the Hairy Ape apply his make-up. He wore a grimy, woolen undershirt, a torn, soiled old pair of trousers, and heavy, dusty old black brogan shoes. His hands were dirty, his nails were dirty, and his face was all smeared up with streaks of black, a sickly, streaked pink, and a verdigris green. His hair was ruffled and upstanding and shaggy. The black hair on his powerful chest and arms and neck was much in evidence.

HE looked every inch a stoker. We asked him how long it required for him to make-up, trusting that he had already done all the terrible things he could to his face and that there would be no other added horrors.

"Bless you," boomed the Hairy Ape, "it takes me only about ten minutes. In fact, I could go on without any make-up. This part doesn't require it. All I need to be is rough and dirty in appearance. Now if I were one of your leading men—the type you want to contrast me with in my rôle of the Hairy Ape, I'd probably be fiddling around here for a couple of hours. Honestly, I never met any one so meticulous about make-up and personal appearance as the average leading man—the average stage hero. Why, it would bore the life out of me to fritter away several good hours before a mirror, amid a whirl of cold cream and rouge jars. One works hard enough on the stage without putting in so much extra time twirling a powder puff off stage." The Hairy Ape smeared some black grease over his already smudged-up hands, and answered a question:

"Yes, I do believe the husky and more virile type of man is coming into favor as the highlight of a cast. The public is tired of froth. Tired of pretense. It wants realism. Actuality. It does not particularly care whether a man is good looking or nattily attired as long as he has character. And the public appears to care more now for a play with a big idea—a meaty play—than for a stunning appearing leading man. Yes, the play's the thing these days! Why, when I first read this play of Mr. O'Neill's I never stopped to think that I was scheduled to look like a human monster in it! I merely saw the thing as a whole—as a play—as a stage vehicle, and myself as merely a protagonist—a character who would voice the written words and ideas of the playwright.

AND at first I had misgivings! I said to myself: Dare I undertake this important piece of acting—I, who have played only six other rôles in my life; I, who have only had six years' experience on the stage. And so I told the playwright of my doubts. I frankly said to him:

"This is a thunderous thing. It rings like bells of brass! It clangs! It has stuff of iron. Why, an actor, no matter how talented he be, would have to reach up and grope to grasp this thing. It sweeps me off my feet. It leaves me breathless. And it leaves me wondering whether I ought to undertake it. But I'll try it out. And I'll try my best to grasp the spirit of your play. But, after a few weeks of rehearsal, if I appear to be unsuited for the rôle, do not hesitate to tell me. I will not mind the time wasted."

Then, after our usual tactful fashion, we blurted out:

"How did it happen that you, with your brief stage career, were selected for this thunderous thing, as you call it?" The Hairy Ape reverted to his stoker parlance:

"Say, take a slant at this map! Doesn't this face count for something? My Lord, is this layout designed for much else than a rôle of this kind? Be honest. You don't think I could exactly play a Prince Charming rôle, do you? It seems that Mr. O'Neill had watched me in a previous

(*Continued on page* 120)

Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARTHA MANSFIELD

After deserting the motion picture world for a season in vaudeville, Miss Mansfield is again lending her rare beauty to the screen. Her next picture will be "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

Patti's Castle—A Shrine of Art

Craig-Y-Nos to Perpetuate the Memory of the Great Singer

By CHARLES H. DORR

CRAIG-Y-NOS, the beautiful home of the late Adelina Patti, near the mountains of Breconshire in South Wales, with its picturesque lodge, miniature theatre, library and ballroom, has been purchased by the Welsh Memorial Association, and will be made a shrine to perpetuate the memory of the gifted singer who in by-gone years, thrilled thousands with the wondrous melody of her voice.

Craig-Y-Nos Castle, the Welsh home of the late Adelina Patti, who spent about $500,000 on the place.

Madame Patti's castle in Wales is situated in the upper part of Swansea Valley, a few miles from the source of the River Tawe, and is in the heart of romantic mountain and valley scenery at Breconshire and within the parishes of Ystradgynlais Higher, Glyntawe and Traian-Glas, quaint Welsh names, but doubtless, familiar to the diva and her friends who assembled there to partake of her hospitality and to enjoy the keen bracing air of this highland country, with its vistas of lake, river and winding valleys.

The castle of Craig-Y-Nos is built of stone and is principally of the Tudor style of architecture, a portion of it being castellated, with clock and flagstaff towers, the former including a chime of bells.

In the background rises massive Brecon Mountain towering high in a picturesque country, and from its heights a commanding view is obtained of the vast estate of Craig-Y-Nos and adjacent region. Here among the hills and valleys of this inspiring country, Baroness Cederstrom (Madame Patti) lived for many years and entertained numerous friends who journeyed from far distant land to the portals of Craig-Y-Nos.

The castle with its gables, towers, oriels and bays, a landmark in this historic country of South Wales, is approached from the main road between Swansea and Brecon by a lofty, arched carriage entrance, guarded by a stone lodge containing three rooms.

In the middle of the carriage sweep in front of the castle is a dolphin and stork bronzed fountain surrounded by well-trimmed lawns and bed of flowers. The main entrance to the castle is through a Gothic stone doorway leading into the vestibule, with light filtering in from a skylight in the roof, and with elaborately carved oak ceilings. Passing through the entrance hall with its half glazed oak doors the visitor is ushered into a suite of reception rooms, including a boudoir, music and billiard room, and the drawing room, on the northeast corner of the castle.

The library of Craig-Y-Nos is entered from the hall and three of the windows command glimpses of the mountain scenery and the highly cultivated grounds of the estate, dotted with gardens studded with rhododendron, Hawthorn and other evergreens.

Through a plate glass door one enters into the palm court overlooking the river and valley, with arched roof and walls decorated with eight panels on canvas representing birds, games and flowers. Adjoining this court is the Craig-Y-Nos conservatory.

One of the most interesting features of Craig-Y-Nos is the miniature theatre at the northwest corner of the castle, which is entered from the billiard room through two pairs of oak-panelled, double doors. The auditorium is decorated in panels of gold on blue ground, with geometrical and floral designs, and is forty feet long by twenty-six feet wide and twenty-four feet high. The massive cornice is supported by ten Corinthian columns with gilded capitals and bases.

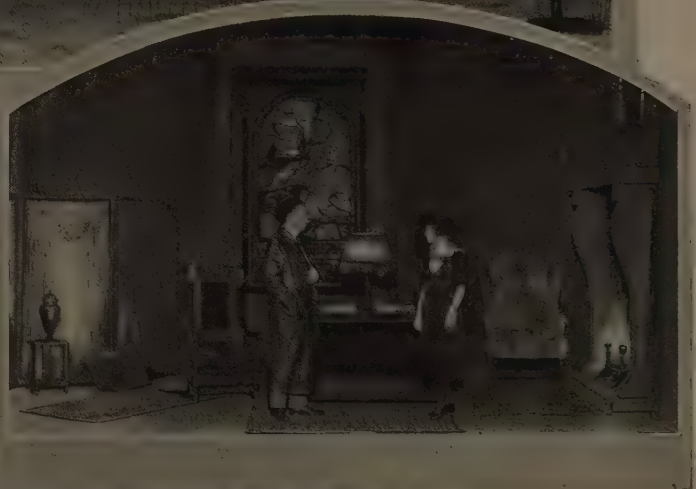
THE MINIATURE THEATRE OF CRAIG-Y-NOS

Forty feet long by twenty-six feet wide, this tiny auditorium holds 150 persons and has often been the scene of brilliant entertainments.

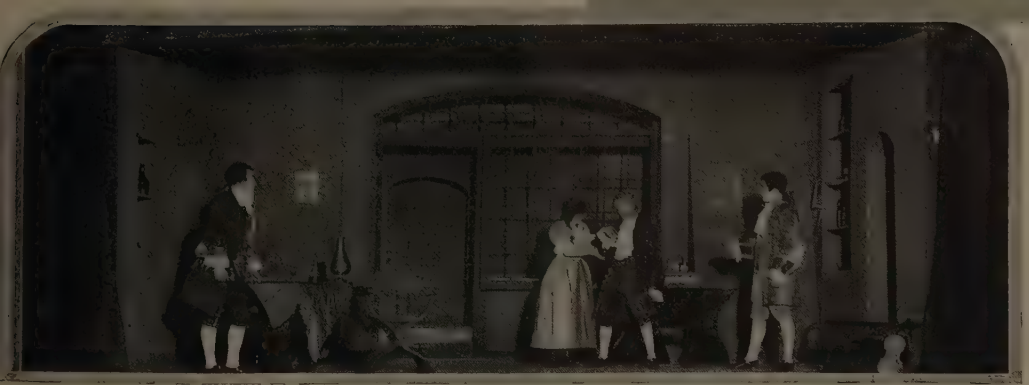
THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

(Above)
This scene from Lawrence Langner's "Sire de Maletroit's Door," as presented by the Poughkeepsie Community Theatre, illustrates the sense of height and dignity, possible on a small stage. Stonegray curtains and flats were combined, the door was a bright green and touches of deep orange were introduced in the shields and tapestry (burlap painted with scene paint and flecked with gilt.) The setting by Frank Stout



(Center)
A successful combination of gray curtains and flats, a stained glass window of oiled paper, which shed an opalescent light onto the stage, a high Italian mantelpiece, a dull gold screen, a few pieces of simple furniture, and you have the rich and pleasing setting which Frank Stout gave to this scene from "Daddy-Long-Legs" at the Poughkeepsie Community Theatre



Scene from Francois Coppee's "The Violins of Cremona," produced by the Harvard Dramatic Club, which several years ago inaugurated a new policy, in accordance with which only plays by foreign authors, not previously given in this country, are selected for production

The Poughkeepsie Community Theatre

An Outgrowth of the Vassar Workshop

THE Poughkeepsie Community Theatre, a long cherished ideal of Miss Gertrude Buck, Professor of English at Vassar College, was founded by her in the fall of 1920. It was, in a sense, the outgrowth of her course in dramatic writing, for this group, organized as The Vassar Workshop, had gathered some very simple stage equipment and was producing the original plays of its members when it was decided to turn over to the City of Poughkeepsie this equipment as the basis of a Community Theatre and to trust to this Theatre the semi-annual production of the best Workshop plays.

The Theatre from the first, save for this co-operating spirit with the Workshop, belonged to the citizens of Poughkeepsie, not, as is the common assumption, to Vassar College. It is run for and by the citizens, and when members of the college group participate, as they most generously do, it is merely as representatives of one unit of the City.

TO the surprise of even the most hopeful, the project of the Theatre met the warmest welcome. Poughkeepsie, with a reputation for conservatism, evinced marked enthusiasm for this new factor in community life, an enthusiasm which developed with each production. A home was offered the Theatre in Vassar Brothers Institute, a roomy building with an auditorium seating five hundred, erected in 1883 by one of the Vassar family and dedicated to the Arts and Sciences. The endowment of the building precluded any sale of tickets at its doors, but, by a system of yearly supporters' tickets, obtainable by donations of unstipulated amount, the budget of the Theatre was met.

The original schedule of the Theatre called for a monthly change of both the evening or adults' bill and of the children's bill; the former playing the first two Fridays and Saturdays in the month, the latter every Saturday afternoon. These strenuous requirements were valiantly met by Miss Harriet Miller, the Director, a 1921 Vassar graduate and Workshop member, and by the end of the year the Theatre was an unquestionable success, assured the loyalty of all factions in the Community. With great optimism Miss Buck planned for the season to come. Through the generosity of Charles Rann Kennedy and Edith Wynne Matthison, supported by the pupils of the Bennett School, a benefit performance of "Electra" was presented in June, a charming production given on one of the beautiful estates outside of Poughkeepsie, and yielding the Theatre a most substantial sum. Due to an urgent call abroad, Miss Miller had handed in her resignation, but the services of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stout, as co-directors had been obtained for the coming season. Then, when all was arranged, calamity came, for in August, worn out by her ceaseless endeavors, Miss Buck was stricken with an illness which ended in her death.

THE greatest tribute to her organizing power was the fact that the Theatre managed to survive. And survive it did. The community rallied to the support of the new directors and the second season has developed much as planned. Features of it have been the decided expansion of the scenic work under the direction of Frank Stout, and the coincidental instruction of the group of young boys who assist him both in construction and scene shifting. An innovation was the establishment of two dancing groups with instruction offered gratis to the children of the community. The leader of one is a Vassar girl, a pupil of Chalif, and the other a local girl; both donate their services. A marked improvement in lighting is due to the volunteer services of a young electrician who, after a strenuous day's work, still finds the spirit and energy to give his best.

The Theatre has, likewise, tried to extend its work beyond its actual walls, to further its value to the community. Thus, it gave an extra performance of its production of Jean Webster's "Daddy-Long-Legs" at Vassar College for the benefit of the Vassar Endowment Fund. The combination of a play about Vassar, written by a Vassar graduate, presented for Vassar by an organization that is the outgrowth of Vassar made the occasion a unique one. The Community Theatre also presented one of its bills at the Hudson River State Hospital for an audience of inmates, and likewise journeyed with that quaint little one-act play, "Joint Owners in Spain," into a rural district for the benefit of maintaining a visiting nurse for that locality.

IN the Children's Theatre, due to a desire to avoid hasty production and an overtaxing of the children, the number of bills has been reduced this year, but as each bill is presented six times, more children are given the opportunity of seeing every play. Tickets for these performances are distributed gratis through the schools. Community singing is held between the acts under direction of volunteer song leaders, and there is always a hostess with her own group of assisting ushers, to maintain order at the matinées. Two children's plays have been given thus far, both première performances. The first was "Helga and the White Peacock," a charming little fantasy by Cornelia Meigs, now being published by the MacMillan Company; the second, "How the Princess' Pride was Broken," by Evelyn Emig, an unpublished dramatization of one of Hans Andersen's delightful tales. Both were distinctly worthwhile and unquestionably popular. The matinée audience inevitably begins gathering some two hours before the performance, and, at rough estimate, six thousand children have been admitted during the season.

That the evening performances are popular is evidenced by the fact that for the last two months crowds up to two hundred have been turned away at every performance. These crowds are, however, not made up of supporters but of those who, due to a rule of the Institute which says that after ten minutes before a performance the public at large must be admitted if seats are left, have waited hopefully if not altruistically. It has been one feat to arouse this interest, but when these crowds become active supporters the future of the Theatre will be assured.

The Harvard Dramatic Club Introduces Foreign Plays

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused in the East by the carrying out of a rather unusual policy, which was put into effect a few years ago by the Harvard Dramatic Club; that of producing only plays by foreign authors, not previously given in this country.

In line with this policy they recently produced "TheWitches' Mountain," and "The Violins of Cremona," both of which were received with enthusiasm in Cambridge and Boston, as well as in the neighboring towns of Lowell, Lynn and Wellesley.

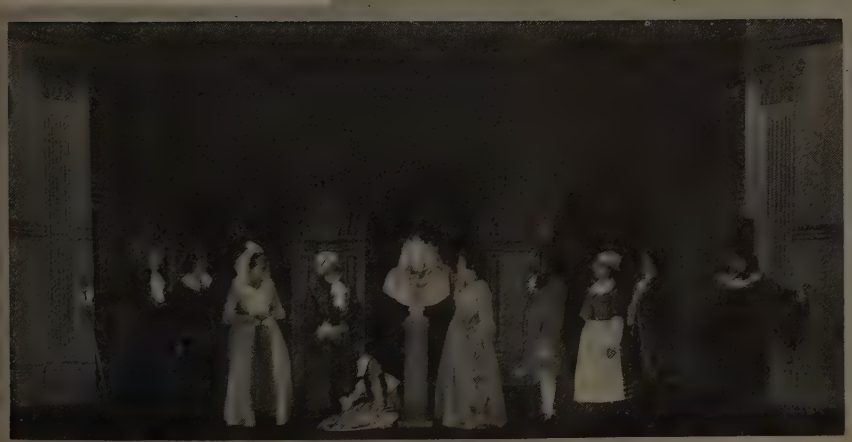
Translated from the Spanish, "The Witches' Mountain," by Julio Sanchez Gardel, is representative of the Argentine National Theatre at its height, since it is practically the last of the well-known South American "gaucho plays." The Club is a pioneer in this field, since it is the first Argentine play to be given in this country. "The Violins of Cremona" was a translation in verse of Francois Coppee's play, by a recent Harvard graduate and former member of the Harvard Dramatic Club.

THE Club approaches an "all student production" as nearly as it is possible to do so. The scenery is designed, constructed and painted by students; the acting is entirely by members; the lighting is worked out by undergraduates and the finances managed by the students, the productions more than paying for themselves.

The only outside help comes from a professional coach who picks and trains the cast, the plays being selected by the Executive Committee of the Club, advised and aided by Professor George P. Baker.

Under the direction of Professor Samuel A. Eliot, many noteworthy productions have been given at Smith College.

The two scenes (Upper and Center) from Brieux's "False Gods," are illustrative of his careful attention to every detail of setting and lighting.



(Left)
The French Department of Smith College celebrated the tercentenary of the birth of Molière by giving two of his plays: "Le Malade Imaginaire," and "The Cheats of Scapin," in which both students and faculty participated. Between the two plays the bust of Molière was crowned with a laurel wreath.

The Drama At Smith College

Young women of Jacksonville, in The Fountain of Youth, a dance drama depicting the old legend of Ponce de Leon, in the Florida Historical Pageant

The Woodward Studio, Jacksonville, Fla.

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Incorporated

THE Florida Historical Pageant presented at Jacksonville during Eastertide was a great community achievement. It aroused a civic spirit and patriotism throughout the state, welding the cities, towns and counties taking part in one common interest. From beginning to end this dramatic review of Florida's history was singularly beautiful and impressive. Out of its planting has come a new impetus for the study of history, art, literature, music and drama and a realization by the people of Jacksonville and the other Florida communities concerned, of treasures—riches hitherto undreamed of—of their own hearths and homes.

Thus it has come to mark in greater degree than most pageants do, an important point in the history of the city and equally of the state. Three thousand actors, men, women and children, took part. It was the largest and most artistic spectacle of its kind ever attempted in Florida. An extraordinary enthusiasm attended the entire production.

The people of Jacksonville themselves initiated this great pageant. Mr. Lee Guest, president of Jacksonville Community Service, was at the helm throughout. The Pageant Association, of which Rev. Melville E. Johnson was president, worked through three large community units: the Community Music Association, Community Leagues, Community Players and all organizations in Jacksonville, co-operating with the State of Florida. Nina B. Lamkin of the Dramatic Department of National Community Service, was the pageant director. Miss Lamkin adapted the historical material compiled by the local History Committee for dramatic production.

Authentic drawings of the costumes of the early Indians of Florida were secured from the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., together with accurate and comprehensive descriptions of ancient Seminole ceremonials. The Florida Historical Society and the Jacksonville Public Library supplemented every detail of the work. Mr. J. Oliver Brison of the Community Service Bureau of Community Music, assisted Miss Lamkin.

Mr. Frank Widemar, State's Attorney of Florida, in the character of Ponce de Leon, in the Florida Historical Pageant

THE Green Corn Festival, a picturesque ceremony of early Indian life in the South, opened the historic cycle.

All of the ceremonial and dance features, the poetic prologues and the various interludes, woven like scarlet and gold through the fabric of the pageant, lent a variety and a charm to the pageant pattern quite lifting it from the heavy historic. For example, there were the beautiful legends of the Spanish Moss and the Cherokee Rose interpreted in rhythmic dances and pantomime. Other flowers too, of Florida: magnolia, yellow jasmine and water hyacinth, were pictured by maids in costumes like the flowers designed under the direction of Mrs. Lee Guest, Mrs. E. R. Hoyt, Miss Marjorie Currier, Mrs. Frank Genovar. The Fountain of Youth, conceived by gracious dancing maidens in mist-like draperies, was very stuff of dreams.

The pageant was given in Florida's most enchanting month—April—on the banks of the historic St. Johns River. All through the groves there in the wide expanse of ground at the foot of Edgewood Avenue, the trees hang thick with moss. Weird and fantastic they rise from the white sands in striking silhouette against the blue water. Never in all America was there such a place for pageant scenes.

The back stage was the river. Here the boats landed; the Indian canoes at first, then old Spanish caravels, French and English ships of ancient times. The horsemen came out of the palms, out of the forest, Indian Scouts and guides and Spanish riders. Tiers of seats were built on a rise in the ground. The days were ideal—golden weather.

LEADING parts in the cast were taken, wherever possible, by direct descendants of the historic character portrayed. The part of Governor Duvall, first governor of Florida, was taken by his direct descendant, Pope Duvall. A beautiful young girl, Miss Creel Tinder Durrance, who danced the Inca Princess dance, was a descendant of Sir Francis Drake. The part of the Indian Chief, Ucita, was taken by R. L. Pullen; that of Ponce de Leon by Frank Widemar, State's attorney; Narvaez, by William Cordner; Juan Ortiz by Francis Stringfellow; De Sota by Plant Osborne; Jean

(*Continued on page* 128)

Paul Grenbeaux

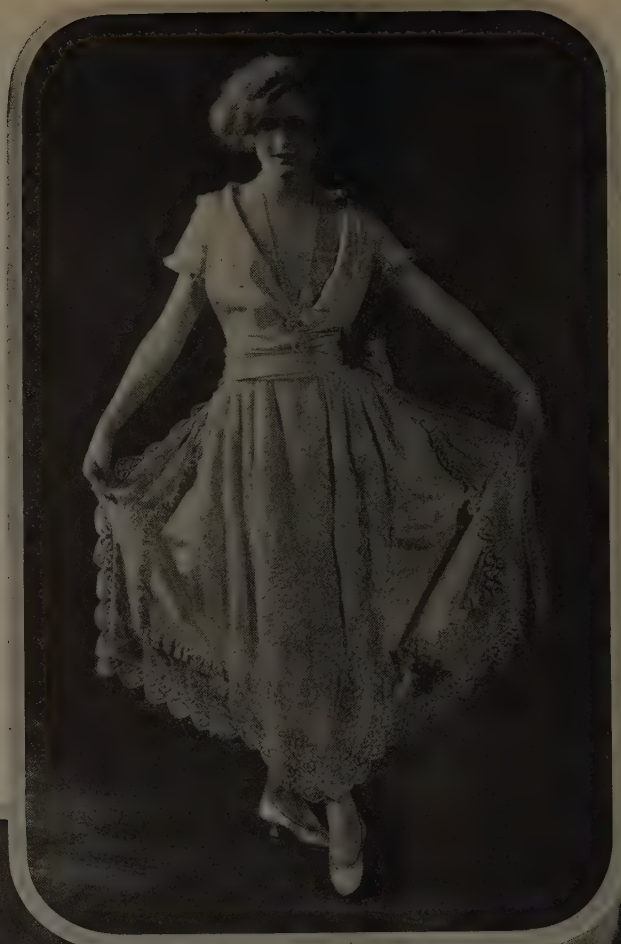
FASHION

EVER since Miss Ethel Clayton first appeared on the screen we have been the greatest admirer of her unwavering taste in clothes. She has played in clever modern pictures, affording opportunity for the display of a wide range of frocks and we never remember when that taste failed us in any way. Details of hats, of furs, of jewelry, of shoes and stockings, were always charmingly worked out as well.

We take pleasure, therefore, in presenting Miss Clayton in this ensemble so exquisitely exemplifying our contention. Figure the frock not as white, but as the palest pearl grey, and of chiffon beaded in the same tone. The skirt of it is long—very long. Add a hat of grey chiffon, grey-feather-rimmed, and grey kid shoes and hose, and you have a costume of striking simplicity and beauty.

THE CHARMING COMBINATION OF MARILYN MILLER AND THE FRENCH FROCKS OF BOUÉ SOEURS

Ira Hill Studio



Boué Soeurs rank supreme in this type of hand-embroidered frock, done in their French workshops on the other side. Here peach-colored taffeta is combined with hand-embroidered lingérie aprons and bands, and edgings of filet lace, the whole frock answering to the sparkling title of "Bengale"

And "Libellule" is the name of this gown, which suggests at once the bright summer dragonfly and his shimmering blue wings in its tones of blue and silver metal cloth flounced with metallic lace, and garlanded with hand-made flowers

Our third frock is called "Coppelia," connoting the idea, we take it, of "on with the dance." There is "joy unconfined" certainly in its bouffant side drapery, and its coloring of rose taffeta and gold metal lace, embroidered with hand-made colored roses

GRACEFUL FEATURES OF THE MONTH IN SLEEVES AND SIDE DRAPERY

White Studio

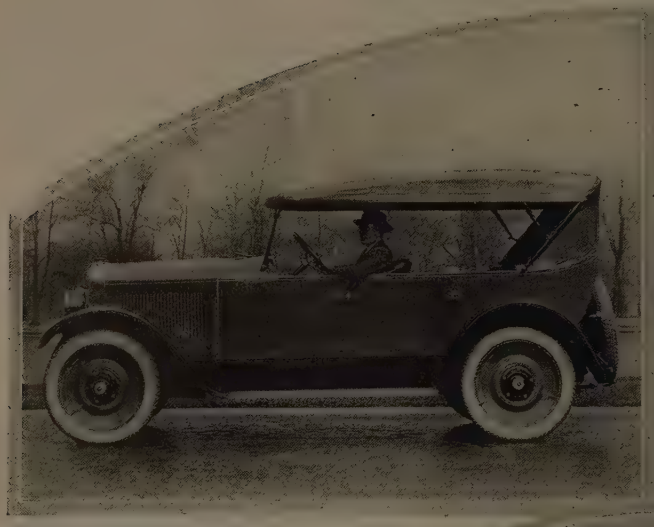
Sure-fire for grace lies in this draped gown of black crepe, worn by Aileen Hamilton of "Good Morning, Dearie", whose large loose sleeves heavily weighted with fringe, form a cape of Spanish effect

All the pastel tints are subtly blended in the gown of orchid chiffon worn by Sidney Shields, shortly to go on tour in "The Hindu." Wide crushed satin ribbons in pastel shades are veiled beneath the bodice to emerge as sash streamers at the sides: the beaded blossoms on the skirt are also in pastel hues

Adele Rolland, who furnishes the youth and beauty for "Partners Again," wears in it this very lovely coat of gray faille, the feature of which is the huge sleeves elaborately embroidered in beads of cut steel

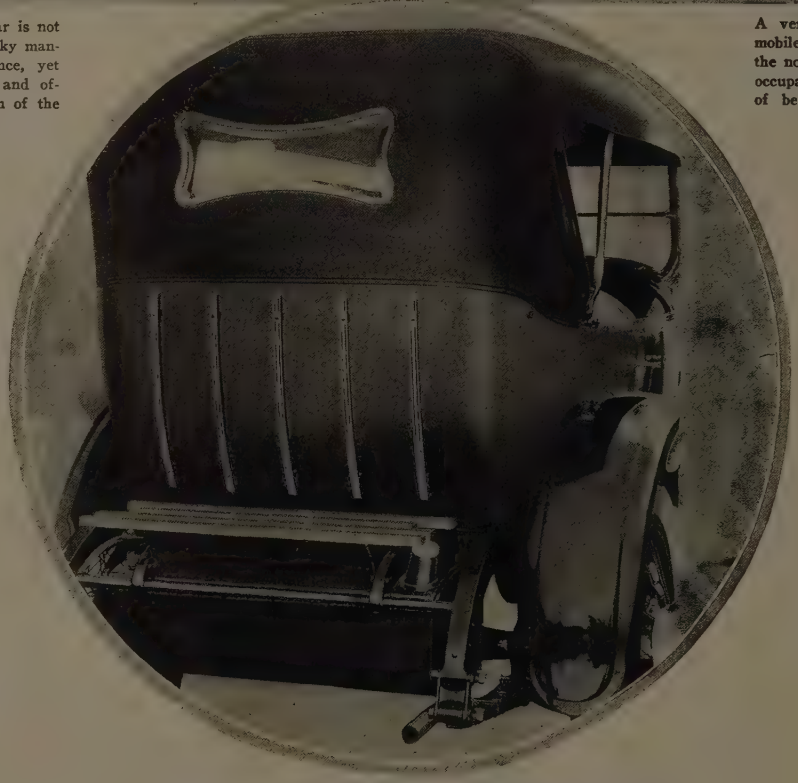
In Place of the Commutation Ticket

Reliability of Modern Cars Makes Country Life Possible for Actor



The new Six-40 Moon touring car is not a so-called "little six," but a husky man-size car of distinctive appearance, yet compact and ingeniously fitted, and offered at a price within the reach of the average pocket-book.

A very sporty new model of a Locomobile 4-passenger with disc wheels and the novel feature of a windshield for the occupants of the rear seat, which instead of being an accessory is made as an integral part of the car.



This rear view of the latest Chandler car, the Royal Dispatch, discloses a serviceable trunk rack with a row of vertical nickeled bars that afford protection for the body finish.

HOW times have changed! It seems but yesterday since the popular concept of the stage celebrity's life was, that it was one of continual eating, drinking, and gaiety in the hotels and restaurants of the theatre district. One's name in electric lights must, according to provincial ideas, demand one's presence where the lobsters, the bird and the bottle held sway.

How different from the fact!

Down Long Island way, up through Westchester, you will find houses big and little, some with broad acres of land and many a one with its front lawn and back yard, with its flower patch or vegetable patch, but always with its garage.

While visiting in Bayside, Long Island, last Autumn, I was rather impressed with the kindly old handiman, spectacled and overalled; his touseled gray hair pushed back now and then by a hand seamed by chores. It was Lightnin' in real flesh and blood. It was Frank Bacon himself engaged in doing odd jobs round his modest place, but a short way from the shores of Long Island Sound. It really would be hard to visualize Mr. Bacon, surrounded by *bon vivants,* waving a champagne glass on high in a toast to Lord knows what.

If one is in the neighborhood of Manhasset or Port Washington, chances are strongly in favor of meeting on the road a kindly gentleman, of middle age with all of the ear marks of the banker—a serious business man stepping briskly along, engaged in a constitutional; anyone round the place would tell you that it is Henry Dixey, the same Henry Dixey that has for years set a standard of seriousness in his work that would be hard to beat.

Any fine morning if one will station himself on the North Hempstead Turnpike, one will most likely see a stern looking chap of not too serious mien, holding on for dear life to a pipe of huge size, and driving a smart roadster dangerously near the speed limit. It would most likely be Frank Craven whose "First Year" should convince anyone that his photographic accuracy in depicting the minor problems of domestic life was gained at first hand.

Down in Great Neck, one may frequently observe a splendid type of country gentleman, who from all outer appearances had but slight contact with the theatre or its activities, a type which, by the way, is becoming more noticeable every day in our extra urban communities. If one looked at him more closely, and is at all familiar with "Who's Who," he would discover that this mild person is none other than George M. Cohan.

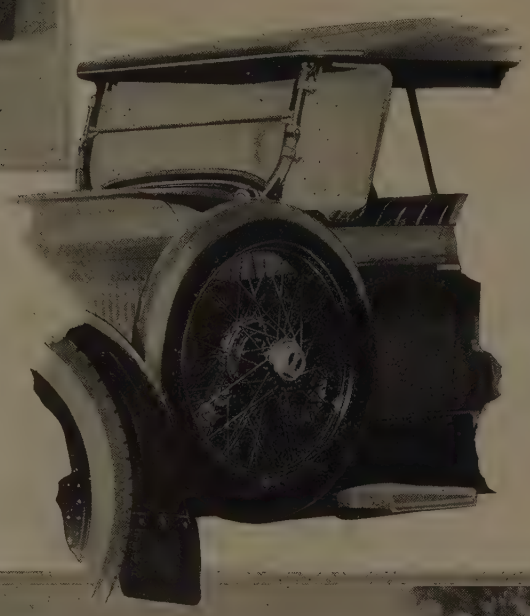
While in Great Neck, a drive of half an hour would disclose such men as Jack Hazzard, Arthur Hopkins and probably a score of others whose names are as well known as New York itself, and so with the other phases of the stage, John Philip Sousa, as much interested in his horses

To add comfort and snap to short motor trips are these accessories: a cleverly contrived hat-box, a patent leather carry-all, and a soft light-weight Vicuna rug in the contrasting tones of blue-grey and tan. From B. Altman & Co.

normal and as quiet as those who have for years been their critics.

If one were to inquire into the real cause of this great transformation in the lives of the professional people, one would immediately discover that the easy access to suburban places as provided by the motor car, has given these men and women, whose lives are arduous ones, the opportunity of getting away from the city, which in most cases, they detest. It may surprise our friends from beyond the Hudson, when we say that it is rarely indeed one will see the prominent actor or actress participate in the night life of New York. The bankers, lawyers and doctors of both sexes, business men and business women, would be found in the night places much more frequently. When after the performance the motor pulls up to the stage entrance, one can hear instructions given to the driver, in always the same fatigued but determined tone, "Home."

It speaks well indeed for the reliability of the motor that the actor or the actress can use it at all in going to and from the theatre. The average man or woman with a business engagement, if unfortunate enough to be late, would keep but one or at the most a few people waiting, whereas the man and woman of the stage would keep thousands waiting. So do we find people of the stage as the ones who are most insistent on design improvements, their cars are usually the last word in color, line, etc., but reliability must come first with them, for on the reliability of the motor is dependent the patience of a multitude.



A front view of the Chandler Royal Dispatch showing the wind deflectors, the distinctive aluminum steps, and the smart touch achieved by the auxiliary wire wheels carried on either side.

and cows, his beautiful place on Manhasset Bay, Port Washington, as any farmer might be. Kubelik not only lives the part, but dresses the part of a Long Islander of fifty years ago. His place at Sands Point is both modest and retiring and his presence in the neighboring village of Port Washington never proclaims the great artist that he is. One day, quite recently, being in need of some violin strings, he entered the local drug store which carries a miscellaneous stock of things, and asked to see some E strings. The proprietor's son, who, by the way, is musically inclined, when the purchase was made, addressed this modest looking customer politely but very inquisitively, "You play the violin, I suppose?" "Yaas," said the customer, "I feedle a leetle beet." And there is no doubt that he does.

And so, up through Westchester and for that matter in every suburban community around New York, you will find the great men and great women of the dramatic and concert stage, living lives as

Other indispensable accessories for the smart motor are the patent leather bags for an extra hat, the individual cushion plaided in black patent leather and grey suede, and the leather thermos cases, in pint and quart sizes, with their gay enameled bottles and their food containers. From Mark Cross.

Of the many lovely homes in the Professional colony at Great Neck, that of the popular singing comedian stands out because of its simplicity. Its delightful doorway is one of its chiefest charms

The Home of John Charles Thomas

Photos: John Wallace Gillies

Where Rita Weiman Sets Up Her Household Gods

Decorations by Watterson Lowe

The picture at the end of the room, "The Grim Comedian," is an original painting by Albert Herter, used in Miss Weiman's photoplay of the same name.

Rita Weiman in the studio room where she writes the plays and scenarios that make her well known to theatregoers. She wears her "work" clothes—a brocade Chinese coat and trousers.

Photographs
Mattie E. Hewitt

Perched high above surrounding roof tops, Rita Weiman's New York apartment commands a fascinating view of the East River, which she has cleverly preserved by hanging jade net curtains at the windows because that color has a trick of not obtruding itself on the eye. Neutral tones form the background in her living room which depends for its high lights on the brilliant flashes of color in accessories and hangings.

The Promenades of Angelina

She Promenades to the Washington Mews, the Quarter of the Artists, aud Finds Smart Bohemia Ensconced at the David Bispham Club

Drawings by Art Snyder

I HAVE been amusing myself greatly these past weeks, what with the new summer shows and the roof gardens and trips out of town over Sundays. But on looking back it seems to me I have been spending the better part of my time at the David Bispham Club.

That is the Club created recently in memory of the late David Bispham . . great artist and old darling that he was . . who died just a year ago this August. . . It was started to discover and foster promising young American talent of any kind whatsoever, musical or dramatic or literary . . see that it gets a hearing and so on. . And besides that it was to be just a jolly informal place where amusing people could drop in to lunch or tea or dinner and be assured that there would be amusing people also to meet and play round with. . A gay plan of that sort is quite simple on paper, but try and work it out actually. .

The David Bispham Club, down in the Washington Mews, presents a gay and inviting face, with its stucco exterior bright with window boxes and two sassy box shrubs before its brick doorsill

And yet, luck being with the founders, the scheme *has* turned out just as planned. . I'm not going to tackle the working end of it here . . the promoting of talent and the concerts and exhibitions and so on . . but just the social end, though as a matter of fact the one dovetails with the other. . And as far as the clubby end goes, it *is* a jolly place, the David Bispham Club . . not only jolly, but jolliest. . The jolliest place of its sort in town. . There *is* informality, the right kind, that goes with breeding and good manners . . one does meet amusing people . . in short, it is a real club, which is all the more extraordinary, considering that it is available for women. . Most clubs for women are so deadly, "or don't you think so?"

I used the word "luck" above. . But every true Freudian knows there is no such thing. . So shall we substitute the combination good-management to account for the club's success. These are the ingredients, as nearly as I have figured them out. .

The setting is right to begin with . . the former studio of Paul Manship, down in the Washington Mews, right back of the Square, and opposite the studio of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. That is, it is in Bohemia and yet smart. Personally I do like my Bohemianism mixed with a bit of *chic*, don't you? Bohemia, with porcelain fitted bathrooms in the background, if you get what I mean . . like the wild mountain camps of the Adirondacks. .

And then the setting being right, the studio itself inside has the right air of ease and informality. Of course a huge fireplace and a couch in front in the big room downstairs . . that for winter . . and for summer long French windows giving onto a garden quadrangle shared by all the studios in the row. . A large round table holds the center of the room, which everyone crowds up to at lunch and dinner time. . And there is the adept Célestin to French-cook and minister. .

Add to this *mise en scène* a list of members, headed by the beautiful Mrs. Oliver Harriman as President, and including such celebrities as John Drew, and Ethel Barrymore, and Florence Easton of the Metropolitan, and Frances Macmillan, her husband, and Robert deForest Brush, the famous painter, and his son, Gerome Brush, the sculptor, and Madame Maeterlinck, and I-don't-know-who-all and . . Well, as we observe on Broadway, you've said something!

And yet perhaps the real secret of the atmosphere lies in the two good-looking . . oh quite young . . bachelors . . residents at the Club, who act as hosts of mine inn in between their working hours which as these concern artistic pursuits have more flexibility than those of the regular business man's day. . They are perfect ducks these two . . and it makes it so nice, I tell them, because they are contrasted, like the brother Princes in the children's story-books . . one tall and dark . . and the other tall and fair. . The dark one is John Louw Nelson, son of the Bishop of Albany, singer, musician. . Yes, children, but certainly . . there *is* a distinction . . all the difference in the world . . don't interrupt . . musician, composer . . do you happen to know the Columbia record of his setting of "In Flanders Fields" . . perfectly stunning! And the tall fair one is Neville Brush, David Bispham's favorite dramatic pupil. . Both Mr. Nelson and Mr. Brush lived in France and are perfectly at home in the French language, and that takes care happily of the foreign artists who come a-visiting the Club. . They have such cordiality and *savoir faire* as makes anyone feel at home and amalgamates different kinds of people in a crowd. . Young Mr. Brush especially . . he has a gift for thawing and enlivening the *hauteur* of anything from a Duchess to an aspirant for the screen. . they're the haughtiest of all, as you know if you have read "Merton of the Movies" .

Upstairs in the room where the small intime concerts are given from time to time is a splendid Ampico that can furnish a jazz tune for a spin round the floor or the accompaniment for a song

Just by way of illustration here is a little picture of a recent Saturday evening. . .

Tubby and I had been having an early dinner at the Brevoort and afterwards strolled down to the Mews. . We found a gay company at the Club sitting in the candlelight with coffee and cigarettes, and were promptly gathered in to

(*Continued on page* 126)

The Hinds Cre-Maids
Can bring to you
Health and Beauty
And Comfort true.

Copyright 1922, A. S. Hinds Co.

Summer Days

In summer places, on hills or sands,
You'll find your complexion, your arms and hands
Will need protection from wind and sun;
Then let the Cre-Maids bring this one.

Cool Hinds Honey and Almond Cream
For mid-summer comfort reigns supreme;
For no matter how "blowy" or hot the day,
Sunburn and windburn it keeps away.

For "hiking" blisters, for bites and stings,
An instant relief it always brings;
Dust irritations soon disappear,
Leaving your skin soft, smooth and clear.

Constant use throughout summer days
Is a healthful habit that always pays,
And every outing a treat will seem
If you take Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

TO PREVENT SUNBURN. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream before and after exposure; also morning and night to keep the skin soft. If the skin is inflamed and sore, do *not rub it*, but moisten a piece of soft linen or absorbent cotton with the Cream and lay it on the skin for a half hour or longer; repeat until relieved. It will quickly cool the burned surface and prevent blistering or peeling.

WONDERFUL BASE FOR FACE POWDER. The liquid Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is now used for this purpose with marvelous success. Moisten the skin slightly with the cream; let it nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere to perfection.

AS A MANICURING AID THIS CREAM softens the cuticle, prevents soreness and preserves the lustre of the nails.

AN AFTER-SHAVE COMFORT Every man who tries it is gratified by its quick action in soothing, cooling and healing scrapes, sore spots and cuts.

You will find the Hinds Week-End Box especially convenient and useful now, as it contains those essentials for the comfort and attractiveness of the face and hands. Trial size, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, Cold and Disappearing Cream, Soap, Talc and Face Powder, 50 cents.

Try your dealer first. Write us if not easily obtainable.

All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2c or trial bottle for 6c. Booklet *Free*.

Send us 10 cents for a Try-out Box containing five samples assorted.

A. S. HINDS CO., Dept. 32, Portland, Me.

Theatre Chairs by American Seating Co. 14 E. Jackson Blvd. Chicago

Chair installed in Balaban & Katz Chicago Theatre by American Seating Company.

In America's Foremost Theatres

THE public-wise manager knows that an audience comfortably seated is half won. He knows, too, that with the other elements of attraction more or less evenly balanced, the more comfortable seats of one theatre will easily swing the decision or "where to go" in its favor. Seating that was tolerated five and ten years ago is endured under protest now or altogether avoided.

Our Theatre Engineering Department will be glad to consult with any theatre owner or manager on new installations or renewal of old. We can show you without obligation how your theatre can "cheat old age" and revive its youth for further years of service.

American Seating Company

NEW YORK 117 W. 40th Street | CHICAGO 18 E. Jackson Blvd. | PHILADELPHIA 707-250 S. Broad St.

The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBA

WHILE we are on the subject of vanities . . what, next to the fa contributes most to the youthfulness of the appearance? The figu Yes! Quite correct!

We have had it on our minds to write about this problem of the present-d figure for some time, and the approach of fall and a new season makes t an opportune moment to consider it. What are women going to do ab corsets, we are constantly asked. Is it true that Paris is going to try to fo us back into stiff, heavily boned things again, as they say? Having known freedom of our muscles, must we go back to restraint? What does the actr think? What is she doing?

Well, as to the actress, she is doing what she always has had a tende to do and that is to eliminate the corset, if not entirely, in as far as consistently can. Whatever she wears will be an affair of the least possi extent, light and flexibly boned. But she has come to realize, having tried out, that much as she might like to go without any support whatsoever, must have something, if only a tricot girdle, a wrap-around, or a "corselet to keep the figure from spreading.

We made a point of inquiring of a well-known actress, who, though incli to plumpness, has kept her lovely slender figure for years, as to what kind corset she wore, and this is what she told us, though she preferred to rem incognito. We were surprised to find that she did not have her corsets m to order. Sometimes fitted a bit, yes, but not usually even that.

"You see," she said, "there is one firm that I swear by. I believe t have the right attitude in the matter. They have kept up with the tim And that is why I have bought their corsets for years and expect to keep buying them. You don't find them coming out, for instance, as some of other firms are doing, and saying, 'Women, you must go back into the fashioned stiffly-boned corset,' meaning because we must sell them. . T is nonsense . . the day has gone past for that particular kind of forcing No. This firm says, 'My dear Ladies, do whatever you please and we follow and co-operate with you. If you are stout and want a heavily bo corset, well and good. We have it for you. If you want a medium type cor we have that. But if you are going along with the new fashions of the le possible confinement of the figure, we are right there with you too. We h every kind of wrap-around' . . you know those are the corsets with just rubber reinforced with cloth, no lacings . . . 'and corset-girdle, and brassie corset that you could need.' Isn't that reasonable? And wouldn't you feel t that firm was the one to pin your faith to? I'll tell you what I'll be glad do. . I'm going abroad in a week or two and I shall have to buy some fr corsets and bandeaux for the trip. . You see how much I believe in these cor since I'm *taking* them to Paris instead of *buying* them there. . If you like, may come along when I make my purchases. ."

Fine! We accompanied the beautiful lady to the Fifth Avenue shop went into ecstacies over the new corsets there. Adorable creatures! All the loveliest pink materials, silk and cotton brocades, and with every kind practical device consistent with ease and grace for slenderizing and round the figure. There was, for instance, the device whereby the rubber in the b of the wrap-arounds, instead of being one whole piece, was sewed together cross-sections, so that it would give to the figure and yet not stretch. Th was another device whereby the boned material came up an inch or so in back over the elastic band finishing the top, to take care of that flesh that a trick of bulging over just there. There was a stunning device for a st woman's corset, a rubber insert on either side the front, *under* the mater with elastics fastened to the material above. . . We wish we had space tell you more, but you must really go and hunt these corsets up for yours

(For the name of the firm making these up-to-date corsets and where t may be purchased, write The Vanity Box, The Theatre Magazine, 6 East 3 Street, New York City.)

BRUNSWICK
Exclusive Artists

Number Eight of a Series

MARIO CHAMLEE
TENOR—Metropolitan Opera Co.

THE brilliance which made Mario Chamlee's debut on the Metropolitan stage an operatic triumph is perpetuated by means of phonographic reproduction. In common with other noted artists of the day he records exclusively for Brunswick. His recent records, which may be heard at any Brunswick dealer's, show with what great fidelity his rich, vibrant and colorful voice is reproduced on Brunswick Records.

Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph

ATHENE
in white buck and patent leather

IN THE MATTER OF SPORTS FOOTWEAR, WOLFELT MODELS, DESIGNED IN PARIS, EXPRESS ORIGINALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY NOT FOUND ELSEWHERE ABOUT TOWN—ALSO TO ORDER.

"America's Smartest Footwear"

C·H·WOLFELT·CO·
The BOOTERY
27 West 57th Street

NEW YORK | LOS ANGELES·SAN FRANCISCO·CHICAGO·PASADENA | PARIS

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MUSICAL COMEDY?

(*Concluded from page* 90)

it is piquant, and these talented girls will know how to interpret these moods. All of these elements will be combined consistently and artistically.

And just as a higher type of chorus girl will be demanded, so will more finished actors be selected for the casts of musical comedies. The comedian will not be a buffoon. He will be a straight comedian. The prima donnas will have real voices to recommend them. The others in the cast will be real comedy actors, not merely decorative figures for a tinselled scene.

I might cite the opening scene and story of "Irene" as examples of what the future musical comedy should be like. The opening scene of "Irene" was a realistic one—tenements, and an old Irish woman leaning out of her window chatting with a friend about her "Irene." The old woman was a distinct type. She was not dressed in shabby silks, but an old gingham house dress. When Irene, her daughter appeared, she looked like the sort of girl who would have a mother like that—a typical shop girl.

So, considering all things, the musical comedy of the future must have a perfect story, filled with realism, an adequately interpretive score and characters, with unusual ability and talents, if it would prove a s cess. Art must enter into the vi glamour and the other day fabric musical comedy. And, why you all these reforms in musical come Because, as I said before, the pu is tiring of merely having their bedazzled with glamorous scenes nothing more. A musical comedy, of forms of entertainment is the big money-making factor in the theatr business. There are many reasons this. Most pertinent is the pu demand. It is in the record of his of the theatre, dating back a gen tion or so, that musical comedy attract audiences when most o forms of stage entertainment fail only moderately succeed. There many who will deny this, referrin the success of "Lightin'", for insta to disprove it. But for every suc like "Lightin'", there are coun "Irenes," "Sallys," "Marys," "Mad Sherrys," "Merry Widows," "Fl doras," and "Chocolate Soldie Even though it costs more to pro a musical comedy—the average cannot be put on for less than $40 —musical comedies attract proport ately greater audiences than do o types of plays, and they can bigger box office prices.

ENTER THE MONKEY MAN

(*Concluded from page* 102)

play in which I appeared, and, later when he wrote "The Hairy Ape" selected me for the title rôle. I don't mean to insinuate that he wrote a play exactly to fit my personality, but perhaps my general appearance and physique gave him an idea or two to work on. Great Guns, I can't imagine anyone being so nearsighted as to cast me in other than a character rôle. And, after all, character work is the only real kind of acting. Nothing else counts very much. To study and analyze character, and then delineate various types of people, is the most fascinating sort of business.

"In my first stage effort I played the old Prince of Wales in 'The Fair Circassian.' It was the nearest thing to good looks I had doled out to me in my brief stage career. I wasn't exactly a monster in this play. My second appearance was in 'The Jest,' and I was only a super. The following season I played the executioner in 'The Jest.' This was followed by a minor rôle in 'The Letter of the Law.' The rôle of a fierce Mexican bandit General in 'The Broken Wing,' and a minor rôle in 'The Idle Inn.' But I have no illusions whatever about my face and form. I never expect to be cast as a stage Adonis. Why, I look so much like a pug that I have c been called to stage fights, thou have never been in the ring pr sionally.

"Yes, I believe the strong and face, and the powerful physique- Man of Iron type—is coming in t own. I believe that we are goin have more plays with real powe them, and real ideas, and it n sarily follows that virile plays call for virile types. The good- ing, slightly anaemic, well-tail stepped-out-of-a-band-box, gard button-holed type is going to d fadeaway for a while.

"Lionel Barrymore was respon for my stage début," he said. "I him about six years ago, soon my return from Mexico. At that I was an instructor of mathem He told me one day that he ha cured an engagement for me in a in New York. I remonstrated him: 'But I cannot act. What I do?' 'Don't act,' responded Barrymore. 'That's the wise co Just walk on to the stage, and act. You'll put over your line right.' And, in a spirit of brav accepted. And, well, here I am. a hairy ape."

TO have and to hold a lovely complexion is the delightful experience of a woman who uses Pears' soap.

"Good morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?"

Pears' SOAP

ZONES of SAFETY

ON the curves of the nation's highways are being painted "Keep to the right" signals—curves doubly dangerous in wet weather.

On these curves the Vacuum Cup Tread, with its *grip-hold-letgo* principle of suction, holds your car unswerving, unskidding on the wet, slippery pavement.

In addition to this *safety*, you get the utmost mileage *service* from the duplex tread construction of Vacuum Cup Tires—the regular, thicker, extra ply tread plus the tread of hundreds of sturdy Vacuum Cups on every Vacuum Cup Tire.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
JEANNETTE, PA.
Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the World

Pennsylvania
VACUUM CUP CORD TIRES
NOW COST NO MORE THAN ORDINARY MAKES

KOTEX

For travel comfort take Kotex

WOMEN who can travel in comfort and with peace of mind have mastered an art. The secret is careful choice of equipment. With Kotex in the traveling bag a most difficult promblem *solves itself*, as these remarkable sanitary pads are easily disposed of, more absorbent, sanitary and economical.

It is easy to buy Kotex without embarrassment as one need only say, "A box of Kotex." They are sold wherever women trade—in drygoods, drug and department stores.

The first box usually—the second box always—results in the discovery of a new comfort, a new convenience, a new economy, a new habit. The blue boxes are free from all descriptive printing. They bear only the name—Kotex. This too is appreciated by nice women,

Traveling or at home, Kotex is almost indispensable. Keep Kotex always on hand—ask for them by name.

Regular Size, 12 in box
Hospital Size, 6 in box
(Additional thickness)

Kotex comes in two sizes as noted above. If not yet familiar with the comfort and convenience of Kotex we will gladly send a sample of either size, in plain wrapper free on request.

Kotex vending machines are being installed in women's rest rooms everywhere hotels, office buildings, restaurants, theatres and other places from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, for ten cents.

Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
New York Office: 51 Chambers St. Factories: Neenah, Wisconsin

Copyright 1922—Cellucotton Products Co.

INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

THE HAIRY APE

(*Concluded from page 84*)

she tought. She wasn't wise dat I was in a cage too—worser'n yours—sure—a darn sight—'cause you got some chanct to bust loose—but me. (*He grows confused.*) Aw, hell! It's all wrong, ain't it. (*A pause*) — — — Say, how d'yuh feel sittin' in dat pen all de time, havin' to stand for 'em comin' and starin' at yuh—de white-faced, skinny tarts and de boobs what marry 'em—makin' fun of yuh, laughin' at yuh, gittin' scared of yuh—damn 'em! (*He pounds on the rail with his fist.*)

(*The gorilla is straining at his bars, growling, hopping from one foot to the other. Yank takes a jimmy from under her coat and forces the lock on the cage door. He throws this open.*) Pardon from de governor! Step out and shake hands! I'll take yuh for a walk down Fif' Avenoo. We'll knock 'em offen de oith and croak wit de band playin'. Come on brother. (*The gorilla scrambles gingerly out of his cage. Goes to Yank and stands looking at him. Yank keeps his mocking tone—holds out his hand.*) Shake—de secret grip of our order. (*Something, the tone of mockery perhaps, suddenly enrages the animal. With a spring, he wraps his huge arms around Yank in a murderous hug. There is a little crackling snap of crushed ribs—a gasping still mocking, from Yank.*) Hey didn't say kiss me. (*The gorilla the crushed body slip to the flo stands over it uncertainly, consid ing; then picks it up, throws it the cage, shuts the door, and shu off menacingly into the darkness left. A great uproar of frighte chattering and whimpering co from the other cages. Then Y moves, groaning, opening his eyes, there is silence. He mutters pa fully.*) Say—dey oughter ma him with Zybscyo. He got me, right. I'm tru. Even him didn't I belonged. (*Then with sudden, p sionate despair.*) Christ, where d get off at? Where do I fit in? (*Che ing himself as suddenly.*) Aw, w de hell! No squakin'! see? quittin', get me! Croak wit yer bo on! (*He grabs hold of the bars the cage and hauls himself painfu to his feet—looks around him bewi eredly—forces a mocking laugh.*) de cage, huh? (*In the strident to of a circus barker.*) Ladies and ge step forward and take a slant at one and on'y—(*his voice weakenin* —the one and original—Hairy from de wilds of—(*he slips in a h on the floor and dies. The monk set up a chattering, whimpering wa*

CURTAIN

BEHOLD THE AUDIENCE

(*Concluded from page 78*)

ing to make one more move in his own very personal game—to flirt, to meet some one, above all, to be seen. The American abandons his ego and demands his money's worth in thrills and laughs from behind the footlights.

Unlike the European, he is patient when cheated. He never indulges in cat-calls, hisses, groans and missiles. Neither is he given to *bravos* and *bravas*. He applauds mildly unless he happens to be swept away by an infectious mob enthusiasm, one of those inexplicable storms rare in our th tres today. Then he obligingly tu himself inside out. He is for moment a victim of hysteria. Witn the ovations offered to Gerald Farrar this winter—a frantic clamo ing before the steel curtain, a madn an ecstasy . . . . A year ago, id tical performances of "Butterfly" "Carmen" won no more than a p functory hand-clip . . .

This is contagion. It is an e tional measles.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Mme. Homer and her daughter, Mme. Louise Homer-Stires, sing a blithesome duet for a new July Victor Record. "Venetian Song" is essentially a Tosti lyric, written in one of his happier moods, visioning the joy and beauty of life.

Giuseppe de Luca's records represent the perfection of modern vocal art. "Marietta" which he has recorded for the new July Victor list differs from all his other records in that, for all its Neapolitan origin and style, it bears a marked semblance to an American fox-trot song. It is sung w the freedom of true Neapolitan m strelsy, and is de Luca in one of less serious moments, albeit an en ably delicate and finished piece work.

Heifetz makes his first Mozart cord for the July Victor program. is "Rondo in G Major" from a se nade. Arranged by Fritz Kreisler is a record full of surprises, openi at furious speed, developing occasio slower melodies of crystalline beau

Harry Carey writes—

HARRY CAREY
Los Angeles ~ Cal.

Monroe Clothes,
New York.

August 1, 1921

Gentlemen:

Some time ago I was in one of the outlying cities of the United States. I had a character to portray of a certain type of well-to-do New Yorker.

The wardrobe I had did not entirely fit the situation. Having heard a great deal about Monroe Clothes I went to the nearest Monroe dealer and my troubles were over.

Yours very truly,

Harry Carey

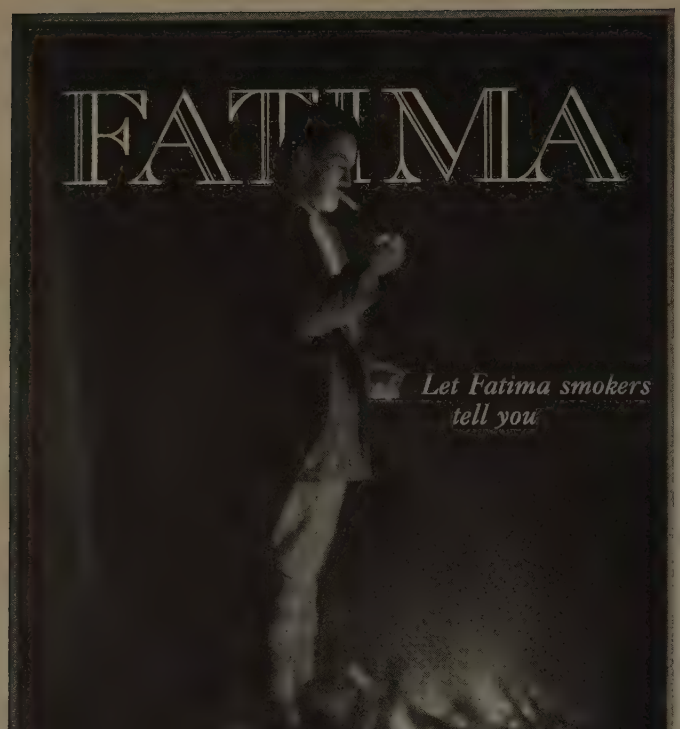
TRADE MARK

REGISTERED

Monroe Clothes

"New York Styles America"

"Monroe Clothes New York"



Little Women

whether their hair is golden, chestnut, auburn, or velvety black, shampoo regularly with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

PURE AS THE PINES

SUBSCRIBERS!

Changes of address should be in our office ten days preceding date of issue.

ACTRESS WHO PLAYS UNUSUAL WOMEN

(*Concluded from page 72*)

I prefer to know—that's all. I myself happen to be part Dutch, English and French," added Miss Westley ruefully.

"But to get back to character rôles. I never played anything but character rôles in my life. I have never been an ingenue. I have been hags and vampires, old women and women of uncertain age, but never the sweet girl graduate type. And I confess, incidentally, that it has been easier for me to make-up for the old woman character rôles than for the seductive younger women parts. I never had the slightest inclination at any period in my life to be an ingenue, even though my type and personality would have permitted it. I have always liked a more forceful woman type—whether she be a force for good or bad. I have insisted that she have some strong strain in her make-up—a strong and passionate amorous strain, a powerful revengeful streak, or be possessed of a large amount of hatred for something or some one who has wronged her or betrayed a confidence.

"If ever I had the slightest inclination to play a sweetly romantic rôle, I think that rôle would be Juliet." Miss Westley's face relaxed into a whimsical smile. "Juliet, you know, contrary to a general impression which is conceived of her, wasn't the purely sweetish kind of lady. She was a vibrant, wholly alive woman, with nothing vapid about her. Some of the lines, the unexpurgated lines of 'Romeo and Juliet' are not by any means lacking in a certain warmth.

"However, as alluring as that rôle may be, I think I'll stick to character parts. Even though the women I must portray are lacking in a certain gentle feminine charm, I feel sympathy for these women. I analyse them, and understand them, and pretty often forgive them a good many of their shortcomings."

We left Miss Westley's dressing-room, realizing suddenly that not once had she referred to "mother" or given us a favorite recipe of hers for raisin pie or plum duff. We glanced back at her rather picturesque figure before the mirror, and looking at her we could plainly visualize Zinida, the elderly carousel owner who had loved Liliom; the Spanish grandee; and the old malevolent woman who had smothered the baby. No, Miss Westley does not for long divorce herself entirely from her diversified and strange-women rôles. There is nothing domestic about her. She is not, apparently, suppressing an impulse to do a bit of culinary work over a gas range. Which all leads up to the fact that certainly there is something "different" about Miss Westley.

JURY JUDGES ITS FIRST PLAY

(*Concluded from page 74*)

have an outlet and when suppressed often manifests itself in some activity apparently foreign to the customary habits of the subject. Women going to a matinée of "The Semi-Wife," want and expect to be shocked. If they are not they are likely to go home and cook dinner for their husbands."

FOREMAN: "I think we have discussed the matter sufficiently. We must give a verdict or defeat the movement to prevent the drama from falling into that Slough of Despond known as Censorship. I consider it our duty to find the third act objectionable from the point of view of public morals. This is our first case and we must justify the responsibility placed on us by those who have complained in good faith. I move we take the first ballot."

HITHERTO UNHEARD FROM JURYMAN: "Hurry it up. I want to go to the Winter Garden or The Follies and get the full voltage of the shock I've been hearing about."

The ballot is taken, the result being a verdict requiring a change in the third act.

SCENE THREE

OFFICE OF THE PRODUCER OF "THE SEMI-WIFE": Producer and Publicity Manager are shaking hands and slapping each other on the back.

PRODUCER: "Oh, Boy, what a knock-out! How will we change that act?"

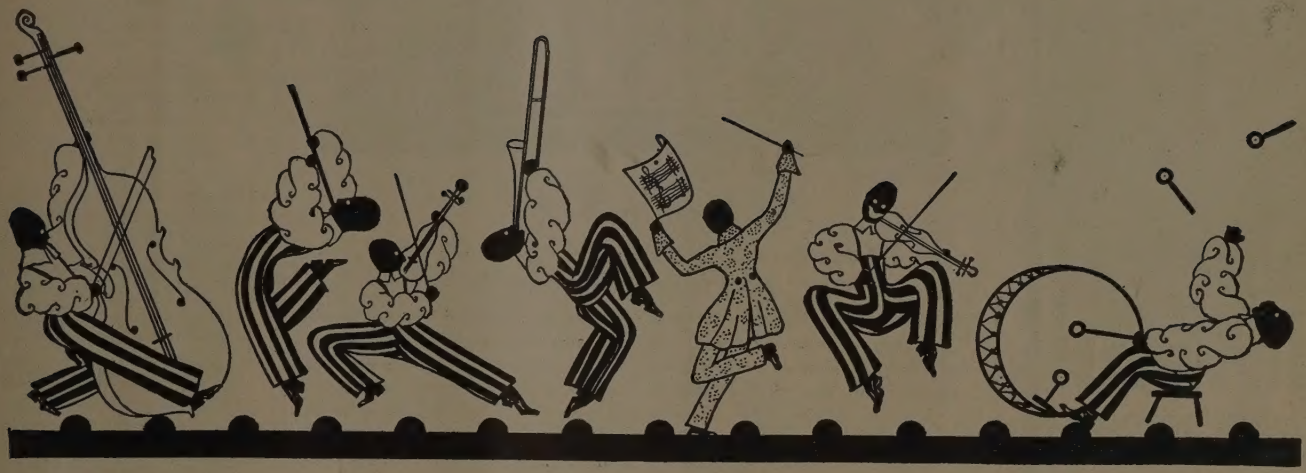
PUBLICITY MANAGER: "Give them all the juice there is in the battery. Remember that second act in 'Bought and Paid For'? Wife goes into her room and locks the door? Husband smashes the lock? That's what Bertie's going to do."

CURTAIN

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Giuseppe Danise, who has been called the "Caruso of baritones," displays great breadth and beauty of tone and a thrilling, dramatic intensity in his interpretation of "O de verd' anni miei" from Ernani, and the rollicking "Largo Al Factotum" from the Barber of Seville, on a double-faced Brunswick record.

"Such A L'il Fellow" affords Marie Tiffany an excellent opportunity to show the sympathetic warmth of her lovely soprano voice. On the reverse side of this record, Miss Tiffany sings charmingly the solo part of that old time favorite, "Little Alabama Coon" arranged for a quartet in which the voices blend beautifully with the fascinating thrum of the "banjo pickers."



Far Be It From Us

to blow our own horn

But inasmuch as we're the only ones who can even suspect the nature of our September contents we're simply *forced to do it!*

A Superb Summer Issue

. . . Covered with one of the finest portraits in color it has ever been our good fortune to print—a brilliant study of *Miss Mary Nash* in the pirate costume of Captain Applejack done by *Georges Plasse,* the eminent French artist.

Duse Speaks At Last

. . . After seemingly unbreakable silence, the world's greatest actress accords an intimate interview and discusses her coming American tour with *Theatre Magazine.*

Fabiano

. . . of Paris! . . famous in this country to followers of the gay *La Vie Parisienne,* is now in New York and has started for us a series of sketches in the American theatre. Next month we present his first, a charming and amazingly faithful full-page pastel likeness of Miss Irene Bordoni.

And Furthermore

. . . . JAMES L. FORD discusses that mysterious dramatic entity, "The Actor Proof Scene." . . . . . A. A. MILNE'S latest and most popular comedy, "THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" is presented next in the series of condensed plays that has become so extraordinarily popular with our readers. Following this series monthly is the next best thing to actually attending every good play that opens on Broadway. . . . THE COMING SEASON is discussed by an expert for those who would be in the w.k. "know." . . . . THE CHAUVE-SOURIS CURTAIN, a scintillating super-caricature of all New York's Notables by Ralph Barton, occupies a double page in color. . . . An Illustrious—but here!—we must keep some things by way of surprise! And then too—

Modesty Prevents Our Saying More!

12678

IRENE BORDONI
Pays Tribute to American Beauty

Irene Bordoni, one of the most gifted and beautiful actresses on our stage, has for years protected and perfected her wonderfully beautiful complexion and contour through the discovery of an American Beauty Specialist, Mrs. M. G. Scott, creator of

Mineralava Beauty Clay "Nature's Way to Beauty"

which removes wrinkles, tightens sagging muscles, banishes complexion blemishes, and builds firm contour of face and neck through quick-need *blood circulation.*

Miss Bordoni writes that *"Mineralava is a part of my every day toilet."*

Warning:—Mineralava is imitated. The original is your only protection. Purchase through dependable Department and Drug Stores. Ask for the original:

Mineralava Beauty Clay, $2.00
(18 treatments in one bottle)
Mineralava Face Finish, $1.50

Send for specialist's booklet:—
"Nature's Way to Beauty"
by Dr. George C. Watson

SCOTT'S PREPARATIONS, Inc.
10 East 38th Street, New York

At Dep't and Drug Stores

—removes wrinkles, tightens sagging muscles, banishes complexion blemishes.

23d Successful Year

Mineralava
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF
Beauty Clay & Face Finish
PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK
Distributor

Books

Especially those containing plays for reading or acting, or those concerned with play production

MOLIERE, by Brander Mathews. (*Charles Scribner's Sons.*) A timely book, in view of its being the tercentenary of the great dramatist, is this life of Molière by Brander Mathews. And we regret that it is impossible in such short space as we are allotted here, to do adequate justice to Mr. Mathew's volume, or in fact, to do more than suggest its extremely interesting quality.

It is most important to one's culture, dramatic and otherwise, to know about Molière, and what he represents, since as Mr. Mathews points out he "is in many ways the central figure in all French literature." He is as well "the embodiment of certain dominant characteristics of the French people . . its social instinct, its hatred of affection, its lack of spirituality" (isn't that rather harsh, Mr. Mathews, or do we take different views of the meaning of the word?), "its relish for the concrete, its girding humor and its dramatic ingenuity . . . . But he is more than French, for his genius transcends the boundaries of race; it has the solid elements of the universal and the permanent. He is the foremost of comic dramatists, the model of all who come after him and the superior of almost all who went before."

Mr. Mathews proceeds in his usual finished and scholarly fashion to elucidate this theme for us. After a comprehensive survey of Molière's earlier life and his career as actor-manager in the provinces, Mr. Mathews takes up the plays one by one, in the order that they were written and presented by Molière's own company. He gives their outlines in a light and easy way, the circumstances and influences under which they came to birth, how they fared with their public at the time and their ultimate ranking as adjudged by posterity. Mr. Mathews ends with an estimate of "Molière the man." We hereby recommend "Molière," the book, for authentic information, graphically and entertainingly presented.

MISS LOUISE SEAMAN, head of the Juvenile Department of Macmillian's writes us that she is keeping a special look-out for children's plays that are real literature and that can be presented in little theatres and for pageants. So far her list includes "Master Will of Stratford," by Louise Ayres Garnett; "The Steadfast Princess," by Cornelia Meigs, which won The Drama League prize for a children's play in 1915; "New Plays from Old Tales," by Harriet S. Wright, which has a wide audience and many practical possibilities; "Friends of Bookland," by Winifred Ayres Hope; "The White Peacock," by Corneila Meigs, which was given at the Poughkeepsie Community Theatre.

The Promenades of Angelina

(*Continued from page* 116)

face the witty cross-fire of *badinage*. . Marjorie Patterson was there, whom we were awfully glad to see again. . she is always so perfectly turned out from the tips of her pink finger nails to the toes of her French shoes . . and Mme. Maeterlinck, who was inscribing for the Club a copy of her "Livre des Chiens," which she not only wrote, but illustrated . . too droll and delicious. . . Discussing publicity with an attractive newspaper woman was Stuart Walker's business manager, young J. K. Nicholson, following as rising author in his well-known relative's footsteps. . If Fanny had been there she might have shifted her allegiance, said Tubby, as the J. K. N. chin line and dimple out-Barthelmesses Barthelmess. . . Gerome Brush in good homespuns and a lime yellow necktie, was trying amidst terrifyingly irrelevant interruptions to outline a philosophy of life from the artist's standpoint, while Margaret Wycherly discussed with Neville Brush the details of some out-of-door performances that she was giving at Martia Leonard's Brookside Theatre, and in which the gentleman was to participate.

Afterwards we went upstairs, to the big studio room where the *intime* concerts are given. . Mr. Nelson put a jazz roll on the baby grand Ampico and there was some desultory dancing. But presently everyone piled up on the big divan in the alcove to smoke and chat. . I seized the opportunity to inveigle Mr. Nelson to the piano bench, cuddle beside him and make him sing his favorite Franz and Schubert songs . . which he did in a lovely soft warm half-voice. . He wasn't a bit proud either and even accompanied my little pipe in a song.

FRECKLES
Don't Hide Them With a Veil
Remove Them With Othine
Double Strength

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove those homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

"Be Sure Its Henry"

PRESS CLIPPINGS

HENRY ROMEIKE, INC.
106 Seventh Ave. New York
PHONE CHELSEA 8860

Eleanor Duse
The world's greatest living actress

who has always refused to be interviewed breaks the silence of a life time

through

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

Order Early

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST!

And Lablache—a favorite for 50 years—is still preferred by millions of women whose faces know its fair and friendly touch. The daintiest of powders—so pure and lightly perfumed.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box at druggists by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually.
Send 10c for sample box
BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers Dept 53
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

You cannot really enjoy the theatre unless you are familiar with the great actors and actresses of other days. Read

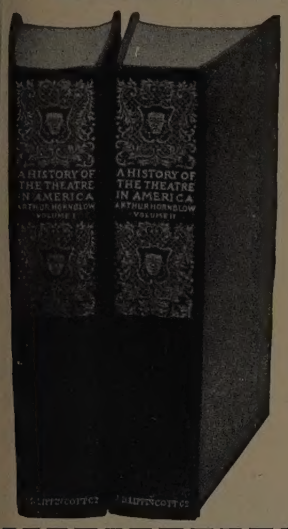
"A HISTORY OF THE THEATRE IN AMERICA"

From Its Beginnings to the Present Time

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

For Twenty-two Years Editor of "The Theatre Magazine"

With nearly 200 splendid illustrations—most remarkable array of fine and rare theatrical portraits ever seen outside of a private collection. Two Octavo Volumes. Over 700 Pages. Printed in Caslon Type on handsome paper and bound in library style, gilt back, gilt top, uncut edges.



As to the merits of this book itself, the *Nation* has this to say:

"The first full length history of the American theatre. If there were others they would have to be very good if Mr. Hornblow's were not the best. . . . His book should be indispensible for a hundred years to come."—*The Nation.*

This complete work now sells for $10.00 a set. BUT—

By special arrangement with the publishers, for a limited time only, we offer "A History of the Theatre in America" and a year's subscription to the THEATRE MAGAZINE for $10.00. The price of a subscription being $4.00.

Grasp This Opportunity Today

Send us your check for $10.00 for a year's subscription to the THEATRE MAGAZINE and "A History of the Theatre in America."

THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39 St., N. Y.

Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th St., New York:

Enclosed find $10.00 (check or money order) for which please send me a year's Subscription to the THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with ..... issue, and the set of "A History of the Theatre in America."

Name .....

Address .....

ELYSEE

1 EAST 56TH ST

THE IDEAL RESTAURANT

MAX A. HAERING PRES.
C.E. FRANCATELLI TREAS.
TEL. PLAZA 0191-0192-0865

Let us make you a Present

of This Butler Smokers' Stand

Ready to Serve Without Salary

Description—cast metal, finished in black with waterproof enamel, tray and match box holder brass finish, with imported glass ash receiver, thirty-five inches in height, valued at $10.00.

HOW YOU CAN GET THIS STAND FREE

YOU, as a reader, are best qualified to introduce The Theatre Magazine to those not now subscribers. To show our appreciation of your doing so, we are offering to Theatre Magazine readers this unique smokers' stand, valued at $10.00. Secure from three of your acquaintances, a year's subscription and collect $4.00 from each, forwarding to us the orders and money with the address to which you wish the "Butler" sent. It will be shipped at once, all charges prepaid (not including foreign custom duties.)

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY
Six East Thirty-ninth Street
NEW YORK

Amateur Exchange

Music Library

TAMS Music

Standard Music Rented for Choirs, Choral Societies, Glee Clubs, Amateur Singing Societies, Masses, Oratorios, Cantatas, Octavo Choruses (sacred and secular), Excerpts from Operas, Concert Arias, Concerted Numbers, Encore Songs, Grand and Comic Operas, Musical Comedies.

TAMS MUSIC LIBRARY
318-320 West 46th Street New York City
One Block West of Broadway
Phone Longacre 1913

Costumes

TAMS Costumes

Correct in every detail. Rented and made to order for Plays, Pageants, Musical Comedies. Wigs, Make-up; Make-up Artists.
REFERENCES—The best Colleges, Schools, Convents and Societies in North America.
The largest costuming establishment in the world.
Phone Longacre 1913
318-320 West 46th Street New York City
One Block West of Broadway

AMATEUR

Productions correctly costumed by the oldest costumers in the United States.
Ask: Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, Smith, Vassar, Barnard, etc.
EAVES COSTUME CO.
110 West 46th St. New York City

Make Up

How to Make Up the Eyes
Write to
NESTLE'S
12-14 E. 49th St.
New York

The Importance of Starting Right

After you have selected your play, you will have three important questions to decide—adequate stage effects, costumes and stage lighting. Mistakes in judgment are fatal. The expert service offered by the advertisers on this page will help you to start right.

COMMUNITY DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES

(*Continued from page* 108)

Ribault by Frank Dearing of the Civitan Club; Laudonniere, by Howard Harkisheimer; Dominic de Gourges, by J. B. Lucy; Menendez, by Thomas T. Elmore; Governor Herrera, by Abner Withee; Andrew Jackson, by C. Seton Fleming.

The Interlude of Florida's gifts to the World was in charge of The Florida Teachers' Federation. Many of the dance interludes and Spanish and English scenes were conducted by Miss Jacobi's School, the Concordia School and the Woman's Club of Jacksonville. The Indian spears used in the pageant were made by invalid soldiers in Lake City United States Hospital, directed by Ralph Smith.

Quite apart from the presentation of the pageant, the educational value of its several months' preparation work has meant for Jacksonville, a significant development of community effort and worth while achievement.

In compiling the Book of the Pageant interesting episodes of folklore and unpublished history were unearthed. In the establishment and operation of the workshop in the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce, artists, designers and decorators were brought together and the nucleus of an art center formed. The frequent rehearsals of the music units have been a gain in countless ways as was also the co-ordination of the work of churches, schools, libraries and civic bodies with the local writers, poets, musicians, artists and dancers. An acquaintance with Nina B. Lamkin's organization and working plans and methods in community pageant production was another gain for Jacksonville.

Miss Lamkin went to Florida, fresh from the direction of the production of "The Keowee Trail," a great community pageant of Greenville, S. C., in which 3,000 people of seven counties, took part. A few months before that, Miss Lamkin had directed the pageants and festivals of the St. Clair centennial celebration of Michigan in which there were 5,000 actors.

The Florida Historical Pageant was the thirtieth large community pageant Miss Lamkin has directed.

Since 1920, Miss Lamkin has been a dramatic organizer with Community Service, has served on the faculty of the Community Service Training Schools, and directed a number of the largest and most important dramatic enterprises produced. Miss Lamkin says that all community pageants from beginning to end should be the work of the local people.

The tremendous success of the Florida Historical Pageant from an artistic viewpoint has so impressed the people of Jacksonville, that they plan for an annual festival and pageant every Spring. Great civic strength has been gained and the value that the entire enterprise has been to Jacksonville cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

The pageant pattern is in itself of such national import and interest that it will scarcely remain within state confines nor ever be ended with its epilogue.

Do not Ponce de Leon, Panfilo de Narvaez, Ferdinand de Sota, Juan Ortiz, Jean Ribault and the rest belong to the United States quite as much as to Florida?

Are not the dramatic happenings of the St. Johns River, of old St. Augustine, Tampa and Pensacola so vividly portrayed in this pageant, possessions of our entire country?

Who knows but that schools and colleges throughout the United States shall call for this Book of the Florida pageant and unroll for themselves with their own actors the panorama of those dramatic periods of Indian, Spanish, French and English rule in the South?

Certainly the history of Florida, like that of Massachusetts and Virginia, is a precious heritage—minus its blood stains, let us say!—of our entire country. St. Augustine stands with Plymouth and Jamestown always in the farthest background of American History. Here are the roots.

When everything is said there is but one effective way to show the picture to young and old alike—that one way is to teach history—and that is through dramatics and pageantry.

United States Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida, said in reference to the Jacksonville pageant when it was being planned:

"There is no state in the Union that has a more wonderful history than Florida, a more interesting, romantic, stirring and picturesque history to depict in pageant form. It is surprising how little, many of us who have lived here all of our lives, know about this history of our state. There is no better way, it seems to me, to preserve and acquaint ourselves and our children with our unique past than by a great Florida pageant. A pageant, giving a detailed description of Florida from the time of the Indians and the first settlers to the present day, would be a most inspiring event to behold, and would have tremendous educational value. Our historic heritage is too precious to be lost, and it must be preserved.

Recently, I heard in Washington, Dr. Newell Dwight Hilles advocate that the schools and civic associations of the country inaugurate a method of education whereby history would be taught almost exclusively by the use of pictures. The pageant is a dramatic repetition in human picture form, of history itself."

Professional Schools
Recommended by
The Theatre Magazine
Catalogues will be sent on request

American Academy of Dramatic Arts

Franklin H. Sargent, President

The leading institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America.

Detailed catalog from the Secretary

ROOM 172, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Yvette Guilbert
SCHOOL of the THEATRE
New York Fourth Year
October, 1922 to April, 1923
The Third Educational Trip to Europe will be arranged for the Pupils in the Spring of 1923
Address applications to Secretary of the School Hotel Majestic, New York City (Knabe Piano)

PERFECT FRENCH
acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian young lady.
Address M.J., c/o Theatre Magazine
6 East 39th Street New York

Regarding Professional Schools

If you are interested in taking up an intensive study of the Drama or Dancing, the announcements on this page will point the way to the school best suited to your needs. They will gladly send you catalogues and full details concerning their courses, on request. For additional information, write THEATRE MAGAZINE.

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW YORK